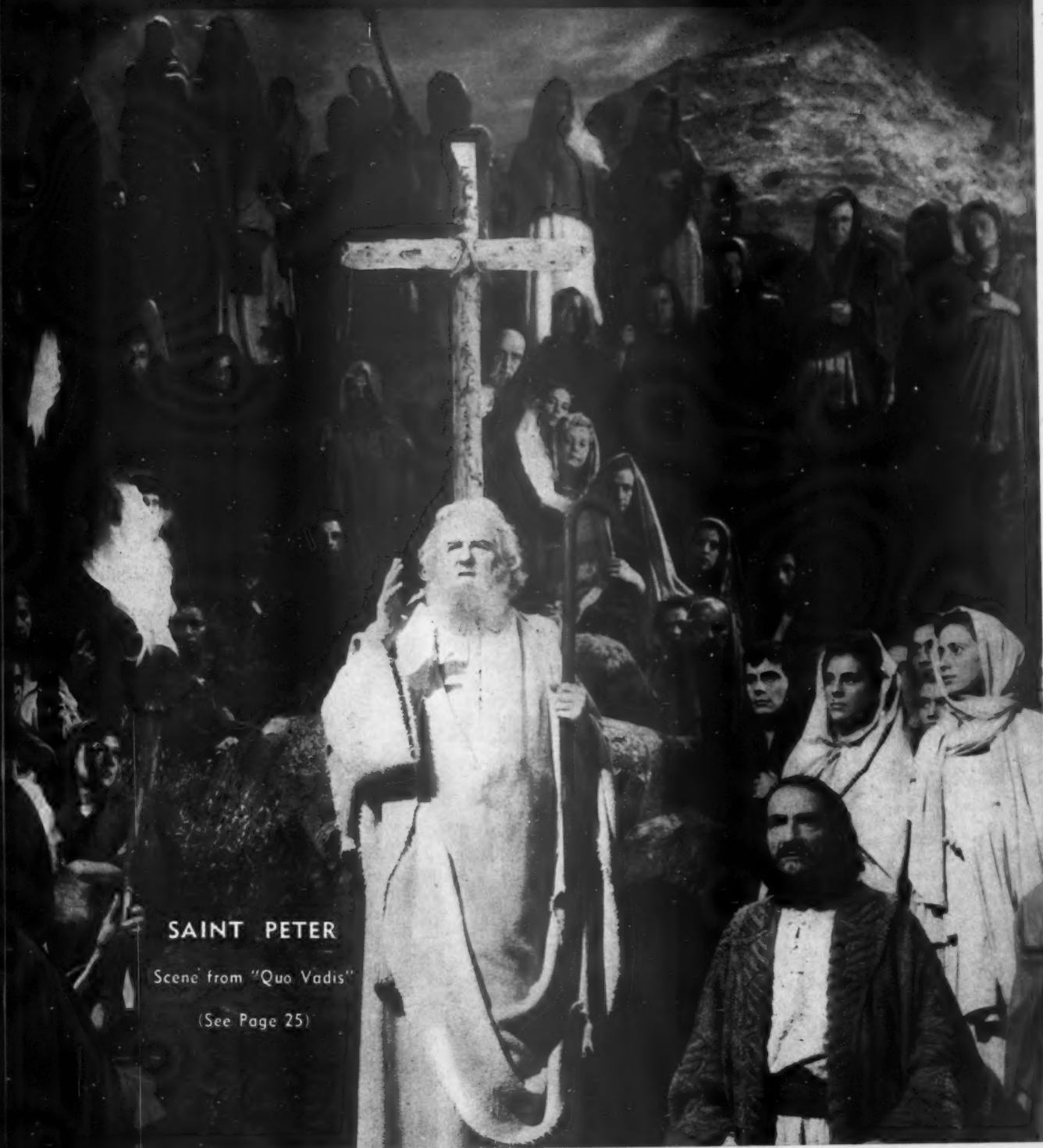




The Sign

National Catholic Magazine



SAINT PETER

Scene from "Quo Vadis"

(See Page 25)

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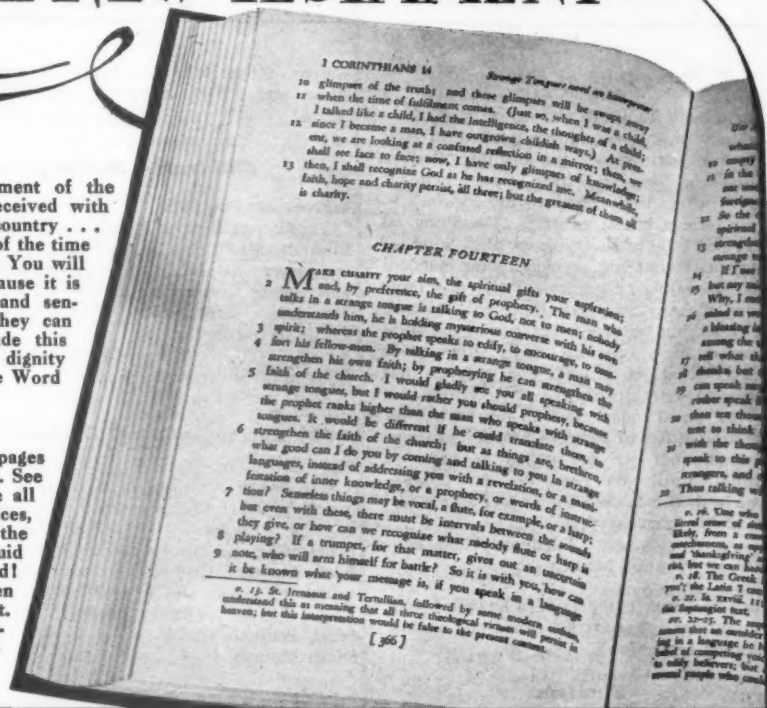
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LETTERS



"Dingdong at Kaesong"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Some of the opinions expressed in your October issue under the heading *Current Fact and Comment* have constrained me to write my first "letter to the Editor."

In the section entitled "Dingdong at Kaesong" there is evidence of a kind of pugnacity that has seemed to me particularly revealing and representative of a large body of American opinion. In this instance it is striking because it appears in the publication of a religious body. Pugnacious peacefulness is a contradiction in terms that seems fittingly descriptive of America's role in the world today. It does not mean that we are willing to come to terms. It means, instead, that we are going to bat you around until you come to our terms—which, in the instance of Korea, are understandably unacceptable.

THEODORE H. REED

Merida, Yucatan, Mexico

EDITOR'S NOTE: Is the U.S. to be called pugnacious because it takes a firm stand against ruthless aggression?

Zionism

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Your editorial policy on Zionism leaves much to be desired. You deplore the political and military activity of the Jews. That is your prerogative, but you should allow disagreement with your stand. You say that there are few places in the world where the Jew cannot live peaceably. You should have added, with the normal pattern of social and economic discrimination. I do not consider it peace with second class citizenship. The Bishops of France would also disagree on your personal attitude toward peace. Just read their pastoral letter on peace.

You try to stir up the McCarthyistic bogey and half-truth of Jewish expansionism into the Arab countries. The Jews have bought all the land that they own in Israel. The Israeli government has stated and reiterated for the record its desire for peace in the Middle East. The only military activity you could condemn is self-defense. Terrorist activities were outlawed by the government. Your argument does not sound like scholastic logic that the Jesuits teach. It sounds like arguments of the Communist Arab terrorists.

MELVIN N. COHEN

Baltimore, Md.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Whatever Israel's intentions, there are 800,000 homeless and hungry Arabs.

Children's Books

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Thank you for the article on Children's Books by Miss Eaton in the December SIGN. It was very helpful in ordering for a Book Fair we are having next month. Of course, THE SIGN's early arrival made it possible for us to use it.

SISTER LAETITIA MARIE

Gwynedd Valley, Pa.

"The Fallacy of Paul Blanshard"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Is it possible to obtain reprints of the article by Harry Feldman in the December issue of THE SIGN? It is one of the most penetrating and erudite articles I have ever read. Mr. Blanshard is deservedly rendered spiritually nude, and just as hollow.

(REV.) PAUL E. LANG

Seton Hall University
South Orange, N. J.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Would it be possible at reasonable cost to reprint in pamphlet form the article by Mr. Harry Feldman entitled "The Fallacy of Paul Blanshard," which appeared in your December issue?

Of course, reprint of the article in pamphlet form would necessitate like interest on the part of many others in order to make such possible. Perhaps you could, through publication in your "Letters" column, learn the reaction to such an idea.

(REV.) JAMES FITZGERALD

Dalhart, Texas.

EDITOR'S NOTE: If the requests total 2,000 copies, reprints could be made available at 5¢ a copy (plus stamped self-addressed envelope), \$4.50 per 100, \$35 per 1,000, plus postage.

"New York Times"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

That November article, "What's Happened to the New York Times?", should have come out months ago. It's a dandy; right to the point! That alone has induced me to renew for two years. I was going to drop some magazines because I can't read half of them. But that *Times* article saved

THE SIGN for two years. I dropped the *Times* four or five years ago for reasons Mr. Roche emphasizes—attitude toward Spain; softness for Red, pink causes in Literary Supplement, Drama, movies, and Hollywood Reds, etc. Mr. Roche expresses better than I am able to do my opinion about many features of the *Times* through many postwar years and those that went before. *Quae mutatio!* A pity 'tis so true!

REV. BERNARD J. CONDON, C.P.P.S.

St. Mary's, Ohio

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

What's happened to THE SIGN?

Your November feature on the *New York Times* by Christopher Roche may have been a source of income to him, but it seems to serve no other purpose, except, perhaps, to apply to this generally fine paper the familiar smear technique.

Roche says "Is it too much to expect the *Times* to be consistent?"

I ask: "Is it too much to expect THE SIGN to be consistent?"

Mr. Roche cites the example of Herman Shumlin's play "Lace on Her Petticoat" being reviewed in the *Times* without mention of the fact that Shumlin was convicted of contempt of Congress. If this be a crime, THE SIGN is likewise to be criticized. For in the very same issue you review the very same play and commit the very same omission. See *Stage and Screen*, page 49, November issue.

Personally, I have had enough of the feverish clutching to the bosom of these traitors turned patriot such as Budenz, Chambers, Bentley, et al. Why should we take their word in preference to that of persons to whom no worse epithet can be applied than "front signer"?

TERRY McDONALD

Chicago, Illinois

EDITOR'S NOTE: Neither THE SIGN nor the *Times* are expected to discuss the political creeds of an author when reviewing his play. Mr. Roche did not complain about the review of the play, but of the treatment of the author in "Rialto Gossip."

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

After reading and re-reading Christopher Roche's article in THE SIGN, I find myself unable to agree with most of its conclusions and inferences. Certainly in an imperfect world, even the *Times* is not perfect. But to imply that the *Times* is intellectually dishonest and that even sections of it are part of a Communist conspiracy seems to be going too far, and to be a serious injustice against the reputation of a great newspaper.

Catholics are doing great harm to their own cause by expecting every non-Catholic to agree with them 100 per cent. If we want our own opinions respected, we must grant others the same right. To condemn others simply because they differ with us is the most certain way to earn the reputation of bigots.

Mr. Roche gives no analysis of the columns of Catholic news contained in the *Times*, nor does he mention that paper's excellent coverage from Rome. Following Mr. Roche's formula, an anti-Catholic could

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The Sign

NATIONAL CATHOLIC
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JANUARY

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Editor's page

A Third Catastrophe?

THERE is very great danger that we may lose the Middle East, an area that may well prove the initial and perhaps fatal battleground of World War III. It is the open road not only to Southern Asia but also to Northern Africa, which in Russian hands would outflank the Western powers and offer the jumping-off point for an attack on Southern Europe.

From Morocco on the Atlantic across North Africa and into Iran and Arabia there is seething unrest. The masses of people suffer from poverty, ill health, and ignorance. Even where the outward forms of democracy are observed, large parts of this area are ruled by the rich and powerful without any thought of the people's welfare. To distract their attention from their lot and to siphon off resentment, the leaders often deliberately arouse the mobs against the West by furious denunciations of British, French, and American "imperialism." To a fundamental element of truth in their accusations they add a mountain of falsehood. The mullahs, professional religious leaders, in order to restore their own waning power and to strike a blow for Pan-Islamism, arouse the religious fanaticism of the mobs by appeals for a holy war against the West.

Needless to say, this situation is made to order for the Russians. Communists add fuel to the flames by arousing popular passions still further against the "imperialist" Western powers, attributing to them every evil that plagues this part of the world. In the meantime Soviet Russia sits back, knowing that the stupid policies of the West are working for her. As one Arab delegate to the U.N. well said: "If every move made in the Near East in the past five years had been plotted in the Kremlin, Soviet purposes could not have been better served."

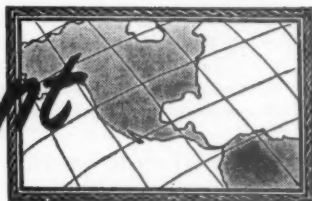
Even when we attempt to do something for these nations we do it in such a way as to arouse resentment. Our program for technical and economic aid calls for the expenditure of \$160,000,000. This is a miserable sum in view of the needs of the area, its importance, and the amounts spent elsewhere with much less reason. And then our politicians in Washington, with

their eyes on the Jewish vote, insist on dividing this sum equally between Israel on the one hand and all the Arab states on the other. The politicians may get the votes they want, but Americans may pay dearly some day in blood and money.

Let us be perfectly clear on one point. We cannot blame the landlords nor the politicians nor the mullahs nor the Communists for the fierce resentment against us burning in the hearts of Arabs and all Moslems from the Atlantic Ocean in the West to Indonesia in the East for our part in helping to found the State of Israel. To these people, we are accomplices in the perpetration of an act of unwarranted and unprovoked aggression. The hundreds of thousands of refugees driven from their homes by the Zionists to live an inhuman and hopeless existence are a daily reminder to them of the awful wrong that we have done them and an incentive to league themselves with the devil if it will help to secure revenge. People in this state of mind do not reason coldly on the evils of Communism and the benefits of democracy. The injury the democratic states have done them is nearer and more pressing than the remote and hypothetical evil of the Kremlin.

SINCE the end of World War II we have made two frightful mistakes which may yet bring us to disaster: we disarmed in the face of a truculent and highly armed Russia, and we abandoned China's 450,000,000 people to their Communist conquerors. We are now well on our way toward our third great failure, the loss of the Middle East. The future security of this area depends on whether our leaders in Washington can discard the role of politicians for that of statesmen. With an election year upon us we have very little hope that they will, but if they do not we shall suffer a set-back of major and perhaps fatal proportions.

Father Ralph Gorman, C.P.



EDITORIALS IN PICTURES AND IN PRINT



The Pope addresses the Pontifical Academy of Science. He emphasized, as did his predecessors, that there is no breach between theological and true scientific thought.



Amputees before the tomb of the unknown soldier in Washington. The dead and the wounded remind us of the price paid in Korea—too high for a halfhearted truce.

Mrs. Roosevelt, our delegate to the United Nations, thinks it possible for us to coexist peacefully with the Soviet nations. So does Mr. Acheson. That is the official opinion of the

Is Peaceful Co-existence Moral?

United Nations, too. Probably a lot of other people share it. But, suppose the impossible—namely, that the Soviet nations were willing to coexist peacefully with us. Could we honestly go along with them?

What would coexistence actually mean?

It would mean accepting men like Stalin, Gottwald, and Rykosi as lawful representatives of the people in question. Just as Mr. Truman is the lawful representative of the people of the United States. That, however, is not true.

It would mean siding against the people of those nations and siding with their oppressors. Like helping with a stick-up.

It would mean corrupting American ideals. The courtesies of peaceful coexistence would present these ideologies to the American public as equally good—if different from—the American ideal. Remember when we had to speak of Russia as a democracy?

Wouldn't such a position actually be an immoral, an unprincipled position? Which reminds us that disregard of principle is a common occurrence nowadays. People pick up sour principles without even noticing.

President Conant, of Harvard, recently announced a biological advance which can be expected in the not too distant future. It will be possible, he said, to interrupt pregnancy by the simple process of taking a pill. The pill will cause the fetus to be reabsorbed into the body structure of the mother.

There was no rush to point out that this clean, convenient trick of medical magic would be murder. As really as if the fetus were curetted from the womb and tossed into a furnace. Murder doesn't cease to be murder because the victim is disposed of by being absorbed into the human body. That only makes the murder look disturbingly like cannibalism.

The convenience of this new biological operation is impressive. But the principle of it is wrong.

In late November, there was a report that Tito was getting ready to release Archbishop Stepinatz. The release was to be conditioned, however. The Archbishop was to be required to retire from public life and to forego comment on Yugoslav affairs. On December 5, Tito opened the gate of Lepoglava prison and sent the primate to his home town of Krasice. The conditions reported in November were to stand.

Probably many people will think this darned nice of Tito. Will think it should appeal to the Archbishop and the whole Catholic public. They will probably consider us rather stuffy for not warming up to it.

But this solution is no solution of the Stepinatz case. The Archbishop is innocent. An innocent man should no more be confined to private life than he should be confined to



Singer, Paul Robeson, speaks to Council of American-Soviet Friendship. He continues to betray his race and his country by using his talents in the cause of Communism.



Alexander Ranezay, millionth DP to arrive, kneels in prayer with family at St. Patrick's Cathedral. The DP reminds us of our ideal—America the home of the free...



Besides Korea, the Red Octopus is causing armed conflicts in other parts of the world. Above, French tank divisions are still battling Viet Minh Reds throughout Indo-China.

jail. In Krasic, the Archbishop will bear the stigma of guilt as really as he did in Lepoglava.

Tito hopes this will smooth the way for more American dollar donations. But it shouldn't. Because, in principle, nothing in the Stepinatze case has been changed.

When a false principle is accepted, heaven knows what grotesque and horrible consequences will show up. Look at what uncontrolled self-expression—that modern pedagogical

Is Peaceful Co-existence Safe?

fad—has led to. It was supposed to develop independence of mind and leadership. But it also developed basketball fixers and heroin addicts. To the Nazi economist, euthanasia was a sensible way to cut down welfare expenditures. But if a poor cancer patient could be removed by oversedation, there was no reason why a batch of Jews couldn't be eliminated in gas chambers. They were.

If a man doesn't have to be true to his wife, why should he be true to his sex? No reason whatever. The result is a flourishing cult of homosexuality. Not the congenital kind which is an unfortunate reversal of sexual selectivity. But a deliberate cult of perversion.

That is how it works. Adopt a false principle and you can't put on the brake. The only way to make a recovery is to throw the principle into the garbage can to be taken to the dump.

The frightening thing is that we have seen many false principles adopted during our lifetime. But we have never seen one disowned and ditched.

That's why we should beware of this easy formula for peace—coexistence with Communism. It means ultimately the acceptance of a Communist America and all that goes with Communism. The principle that Communism is as good as Americanism will have been accepted. The practice will surely follow.

We are used to stumbling on evidences of expanding secularism. The experience keeps us in a state which is part anxiety and part grouching. But the other day we came smack up against something quite different. It cheered us no end. It was an ad in a business magazine. Appearing over the name of the Texas and

God Makes Good Public Relations

Pacific Railway and illustrated with a drawing of a Gothic church, here is what it said:

"UNLESS THE LORD BUILD THE HOUSE . . .

"Twice in one lifetime we have tried to build peace, both times we failed. And both times God was kept from the peace table—the first time because the world was 'too busy'; the second time because God was barred by Communism. This, despite the Bible warning that 'Unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it.'

"A return to religion and to the individual freedoms of our founding fathers will make America strong spiritually and morally. Let's reaffirm our faith in God and our faith in the power of prayer. Then our labors will not be in vain. Let's all help by truly practicing day by day the principles of religion."

Utilities are not characterized by altruism. And you can bet that the Texas and Pacific was not for a moment forgetting the Texas and Pacific when it bought this page of space and preached this sermon. Neither was the ad man forgetting the mortgage on his little white house with the little green blinds when he put on his Sunday-go-to-meeting manner.

The notable thing is that a railway carrier, advertising transportation for its own money profit, found a way of advertising God at the same time.

Equally notable is the fact that the ad man—with a probable background of beer jingles and soap-sud wheezes—realized how much dignity and depth religion can give to a mere business bid.

We are not suggesting that T&P was only using religion as sucker bait for a sales trap. Neither are we suggesting that it was altogether blind to the commercial angle. We mean only that it did a service to religion while doing one to itself.

That is usually not the case. It is a thing which, if tried, could be done badly. But they tried it. And it came off very nicely.

Congratulations!

The Texas and Pacific's motto is a plain, unoriginal "Go T&P." We wish them luck. May lots of customers "Go T&P." And may God go with them.

Ranking high among the most popular pages of a magazine are those written by the readers themselves. Editors as well as the general reading public like to read letters and see

for themselves how other people react to the various articles and editorials. A vigorous letters department, with pros and cons on different subjects, is one of the

Labels vs. Logic

best indications of the life and vitality of a publication. Our only regret here at THE SIGN is that we have not the space to print all the letters received.

Some of our readers have asked why we print so many letters of disapproval; others have challenged us to publish their attacks. Our regular readers know that we give just as much space to brickbats as to bouquets. And though many letters are received, still the ratio is small in comparison to general readership. This is stated by way of qualifying the following remarks.

It is strange but sadly true that one can, in the very process of fighting an enemy, be influenced by the thinking and tactics of that enemy. Some Catholics (and we include a small segment of our letter writers) who would give their lives in the battle against Communism, are at the same time infected by the virus of Communism. And this, not on the lowly plain of crude materialism, but rather on the mental, intellectual heights.

In the realm of the intellectual, Communism has dealt a vicious blow to logic. Qualifications and careful distinctions have been rubbed out; you are either with the Soviet or you are a Fascist. A qualified remark is a cowardly thing to the men of the Kremlin. The broad, understanding statement that there is a little good in the worst of us, is considered mental fencing. You are either all good or all bad; the situation is either black or white. To suggest that it may be gray, is to bring upon yourself a label that they intend to stick for life. To seek the truth in the middle is to be fired on by both sides. The label, even in the minds of many non-Communists, has usurped the place of logic.

A qualified statement to the effect that Senator Joseph McCarthy pointed up a very serious situation, but alas, in his zeal could not prove all his allegations, immediately brings responses from the right that we are smearing the Senator, and from the left that we are infected with McCarthyism. Qualifications to both is considered hedging.

An objective article on Spain draws the same fire. We must condemn Franco in toto, or embrace him without reservation. According to these readers we must label Franco and his regime as either all black or all white. We must jettison logic or pay the penalty for mental cowardice.

In the field of labor relations, we suffer the same fate at the hands of the infected few. To them, we are either pro-labor or pro-capitalist. To strive in the spirit of the encyclicals for a true rapprochement between capital and labor;



Eastern Publishers

In Hunan, China, a boy eats a little rice, but others have none. The Hunan Shepherd, Bishop O'Gara, is in jail, Sisters, many priests have left; charity of Christ is gone.



Acme

So we can be economical! "Operation Roll Up" reclaims millions of dollars worth of old equipment in the Pacific. A real saving with today's inflationary dollar.



International

A raconteur charms the ladies in Korea. They seem happy but about what, we don't know. The three of them are war waifs without parents or home, with an uncertain future.

to distinguish between the faults and failings of either group and balance them against the merits is considered weak kneed. To the labeler this is useless hair splitting.

We welcome all letters. We print letters though they completely disagree with us. For reasonable opposition, trysting in the intellectual realm, delights any thinking man. But the labeler is the despair of all who seek the truth.

Some excellent TV shows, lately, have been putting Communism on the spot. For alerting the public to the realities of political life under Communism, they are much

Important Gadget— TV Channel Selector

more effective than any number of books. Book readers are relatively few in the United States. Whereas TV viewers run up into decades of millions. The message of visual drama is far more moving than the written word. Far more likely to get citizens to do something—good or bad.

Herein lies the fallacy in the argument for hiring TV entertainers without considering their ideology. The argument is that an entertainer should be judged by his ability to entertain. Not by the Party he belongs to. Networks and sponsors seem to have found this practice convenient as a hiring policy. At least, many of them have followed it and still do.

The objection, however, is this: You can prevent a Commie entertainer from hauling naked Communist propaganda into a show. But you can never get him to write or act effective anti-Communist propaganda.

You may get him to waste his time doing light comedy or mystery, and thereby keep him innocuous. But remember, he is wasting your time also if you are a real American interested in security. He is never going to come up with something good in that cause. Another actor or writer might. But the other actor or writer won't get a chance while the Commie is holding down that particular spot.

A simple test of the influence of Communists and fronters in the entertainment field is this: How many shows—TV, stage, movie, radio—caricature Stalin the way they used to caricature Hitler? How do impersonations of the stage Bolshevik compare with those of the stage Prussian of the Kaiser Wilhelm or Hitler vintage?

Actually, it is rare to come across an intelligible and smart crack at Communism or the Soviet. Only when you do, do you realize that something has been missing. And you start wondering.

TV is the big field for entertainers now. Almost every week the editors of *Counterattack* have something to report about Communists or people with front records appearing on TV shows.

This has provoked a violent campaign to discredit *Counterattack*. The loudest of its opponents are organizations and individuals who have been cited for subversive contacts. Which is pretty good proof that the toes *Counterattack* has been stomping on are Commie toes.

For a fronter, entertainment is a key spot. Communists don't want him bounced from it. There, he has an opportunity for many sly, unnoticed propaganda digs. Or at least for plugging up a counter-propaganda hole by just being there.

Then, there are donations. Entertainment is a highly paid avocation. And the Party needs propaganda money to make the world safe for the Soviet. Their idea is: Get Party line followers to chip in a percentage of fat entertainment salaries and you can irrigate a bigger and bigger red garden.

There are lots of perfectly sound Americans in the entertainment field. If a program features an unsound one—well, there are other channels. And, remember—that dial isn't nailed down.



Keystone
An example of charity for those who find it hard to give. This mother in Visciano, Italy, and many others carry heavy stones on their heads to help build an orphanage!



Acme
Soviet Foreign Minister Vishinsky with Soviet Ambassador to France, Pavlov. The large Communist Party in France is the big ace in the hole for these international thugs.



International
Soviet Ambassador Panyushkin shakes the hand of Iranian Premier Mossadegh at recent party. Mossadegh led the break with Britain and has the Reds smiling—hopefully.

Can Europe's Labor Stop Communism?



While we are concerned with military aid to Europe, the Communists are busy with their classical propaganda weapon

by JOHN F. CRONIN, S.S.

A VISITOR to Paris might note there a new type of American these days. Of course, there are the usual crowds of tourists enjoying the charm of this gracious city. But there are other Americans, hurrying to offices, bolting their lunches (to the horror of the waiters), and working late hours, much too preoccupied to absorb the culture or to enjoy the gaiety associated with this ancient capital.

Some of these busy Americans are in uniform. They are attached to SHAPE, General Eisenhower's headquarters at Rocquencourt. Others are civilians, working in the historic palace at 2 Rue St. Florentin which houses the ECA mission. Both seek one common goal: to save Europe from Communism. At first glance, the visitor would conclude that they are using very different means to reach this goal.

SHAPE is concerned with soldiers and weapons. It seeks armies, air bases, and

strong defenses. ECA seems more worried about the civilian economy. It is pushing ever harder at the task of reconstructing industry touched by the withering hand of war. But if the visitor inquires more deeply, he will find that both groups have the same problems and fears.

They know that Europe cannot rearm if living standards and civilian production decline much below present levels. If Gaston, and Fritz, and Giuseppe do not eat, then they will not fight. It is not merely a matter of "neutralism," unwillingness to engage in another war. Rather they will join the Communist Party and actively fight against the rally for freedom.

To save Europe, it is not enough to plan powerful armies and swift air forces. Communism is not merely an external enemy, sweeping in from the East. It is very much a problem at home. Millions like Gaston and Giuseppe are

already Communists. If things go worse, there will be other millions to join them. And Fritz, Hans, Gustav, and others with similar names will also raise the clenched fist and greet the Picasso dove of a slave peace.

We are so used to seeing Communism spread by force of arms or by subtle propaganda that we may overlook the classical recruiting agent: the empty stomach. There are hungry people in France, Italy, and Germany. Even with a job, you may still be hungry. And in Italy and Germany millions do not work. If this problem is not solved, Europe may fall without a fight.

What is the answer? ECA thinks that it has the answer, but to achieve it we may need almost an industrial, political, and social revolution in Western Europe. The remedy, in the language of an economist, is higher productivity and better income distribution. But what does it mean in the concrete? Perhaps

Red Italian leader, Togliatti. Will he convince the wavering Giuseppe?



International



To the hungry, restive laborers in the factories of Europe, the Reds are trying hard to prove that American ECA will backfire

the answer is to talk first with Gaston, Jules, and René.

They work at a new steel rolling mill at Lille in the north of France. The mill is an ECA showpiece. It has a cold-rolling machine that would be the envy of Pittsburgh. The technicians there came to the U. S. on a productivity mission and learned the best practices of Youngstown, Gary, Pittsburgh, and Birmingham. Gaston is proud of his factory now; it is so different from conditions in 1938 when he was a mere apprentice there.

But the war came and Gaston marched to the front. When he was released as a prisoner of war, he returned home. In the meantime his fiancée, Marie, had died of tuberculosis. It was the occupation, he says; times were very hard then. Gaston has not yet married. Now he has steady work, at longer hours than before the war. But his pay: "*Monsieur*, it is not enough. I work harder. It is a fine, new plant. But I do not get enough to eat."

Actually, Gaston can buy with his wages about three-quarters of what his prewar pay would bring him. He must work ten hours to get as much food as John Smith, in Gary, could buy with three hours' wages. Jules is a little better off. He is married, with two children. With the family allowance, he gets about the same as in 1938, but he must work longer hours. Only René, with his four children, is really ahead of prewar conditions.

Gaston, Jules, and René meet at lunch to talk things over. What to do? Strike for higher wages? But we have had two strikes since February, 1950. Wages have

gone up, but prices went up even more. We sent a delegation to M. le Député and he raised a question in the Chambre at Paris. Yes, he was successful. Twice the minimum wage was increased. Twice we negotiated higher wages above the minimum. But it is not enough. We have an old saying: the more it changes, the more it remains the same. What to do?

Gaston feels a sense of futility, shared by many of his comrades. He can work — unemployment is not the problem in France that it is in Germany and Italy — but his pay is not enough. The great new factories built in part with American aid seem to produce profits for the owners, but no gains for the workers. And now they are preparing for another war. The Americans are in Paris. They are building a colossal air base just forty kilometers from our plant. But, as France produces for war, there is less to eat, less for badly needed houses, less to rebuild factories which would make the things that Gaston, Jules, and René need.

No wonder, then, that Gaston listens to the agitators trained in the schools of Duclos and Thorez. They tell him that ECA aid is but a tool of American economic imperialism. It means profits for Wall Street, while he remains hungry. And now these Americans want another war — to kill his brothers, destroy their homes, and bring renewed misery to France. How much more sensible, he thinks, is the slogan of peace. He will choose the dove, not the airplane carrying the terrible *bombe atomique*.

Moreover, Gaston's problems are shared to a considerable degree by Hans

and Giuseppe. Hans is more fortunate than a million and a half other Germans. At least he has a job, which is more than his cousin Hermann can say. Hermann lost all when he and his family were expelled from Koenigsberg. The past is dead, and the future is dark. But Hans found a job soon after he demobilized. At first, he moved about as a man in a daze. Defeat and destruction made him sick at heart. But after 1948, the year of the currency reform, things began to pick up. He was much better off in June, 1950, but then came Korea and higher prices. Now, he too wonders about the Americans and their war talk.

Hans has another problem as well. He is less fortunate than Gaston in his place of work. He works at a small, old-fashioned, inefficient chemical plant at Mannheim. It cannot compare with the splendid factories that used to belong to I. G. Farben. Even with the bombing and the reparations (sometimes worse than the bombing), those plants are better than his. And his wages are low. Of course, he gets the basic wage negotiated by his union with the entire chemical industry. He got a 10 per cent raise in 1950 and another in 1951, but it is not enough. Nor does he feel better when his brother-in-law, at a new chemical plant in Darmstadt, tells him about the wages there. Their works council arranged for a 20 per cent increase over the basic industry wage.

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To the uncertain European, assistance from American labor can be as important as troops today



Photos from ECA

With a curb on competition, the urge to build better and more efficient factories is lacking

Hans gets occasional letters from Giuseppe, a rather intelligent Italian engineer who worked in Germany during the war and lived with Hans' parents. Giuseppe tells him that things are no better in Italy. He complains that, as a skilled engineer, his total wages are little higher than those of an apprentice. He has a higher base rate, nearly double that of an unskilled worker. But when cost-of-living allowances and family allowances are counted in, he gets very little more than his nephew Vittorio, who is just learning the trade.

Giuseppe also writes about the unemployed and the landless peasants. He is clever enough to know that many who hold jobs are not really needed. The government and the unions have just shifted some unemployment relief on to the employers. He has a craftsman's pride in the efficient new machines sent over from America. But they seem only to add to the employers' profits, not to the wages of the workers.

Giuseppe went to Rome for the Holy Year. He was thrilled to see the slim but vibrant figure of the Holy Father. But his heart was sick when he contrasted the misery of the Prima Valle section with the flaunted luxury of the Via Veneto. Maybe the workers were right when they put up the picture of Stalin in his factory at Milan. Of course, the Holy Father has forbidden us to be Communists, but he might not understand. We want to be faithful to the Church in religious matters. But, who knows, perhaps Togliatti knows better when it comes to economics and politics.

Such is the inner cancer gnawing at the heart of Western Europe. Such is the uncertainty that bedevils the plans of statesmen who would save Europe from Communism. Are we rebuilding a great workshop, which Stalin will take over without a fight? Is this the real reason why the Russian armies have not marched? Stalin, as Lenin before him, would prefer the easy path of intrigue and subversion to the dangerous road of open war. A hungry Europe is ripe for Communism.

This is the dilemma that faces the weary Americans in Paris, Frankfurt, and Rome. An unarmed Europe is an inviting target for the East. But rearming, for the West, means lower living standards. Are guns more vital than butter? We in the United States often can have both, so productive is our economy. But in Western Europe the choice is real and grim.

We tried to meet the issue by the Marshall Plan, an act of statesmanship which will live in history. We rebuilt and modernized the factories of the West. We trained both executives and workers in the techniques which have produced our high standards of living. But, somehow, the results did not filter through. Production skyrocketed above prewar levels. Profits soared. But wages and living standards remained comparatively low. As a result, bitterness, despair, and rebellion rose in the hearts of the workers.

In part, Europe is simply paying the price of war. What was destroyed had to be rebuilt. To build a factory, labor and materials—to say nothing of money—must be diverted from consumer

goods. There is less for housing, clothing, and food. Even the high profits might be useful, if they were turned back into rebuilding and not squandered in luxuries which embitter the workers. This is part of the story. It is the time bomb which explodes after all vast wars.

But there is another part of the story, and this is what causes gray hairs and worried faces at 2 Rue St. Florentin. This is a story of contrast, of the difference between an old continent which wants security and stability and a young continent which stresses progress and opportunity. Technically speaking, there is little difference between employers and workers in Europe and America. In both cases, they are skilled and hard working. The difference is in attitude. A case history will point this up.

Gaston and his colleagues work in a completely modernized mill at Lille. His cousin Jacques has a similar position in a run-down plant at Rouen. Both receive the same pay, just as workers in Pittsburgh and Gary get the same pay. But there is a difference. In France, the rate is based on the prices and profits of the Rouen mill, an inefficient, high-cost relic of the last century. Steel prices at Rouen and Lille are the same. Naturally that means huge profits for the modernized company. But wages are negotiated on an industry-wide basis, with the least efficient plant setting the tune.

It is somewhat different in Germany. The basic wage is set in the same way. But workers in a more efficient and more profitable plant can negotiate for a higher scale. There we often have unequal pay for equal work.

(Continued on page 78)

ONE thing I will say for people who go to basketball games: they are loyal. And a good thing they are. Otherwise I would not still be coach of the Golden Girls at the Magee Electric Switch and Socket Company.

Maybe you never heard of the Golden Girls. Well, not everybody plays in Madison Square Garden. For three years running we beat all comers in our class, which is Commercial Grade A, and also knock the spots out of some very fancy clubs passing through on tour.

The main reason for this is Susie Kittrick. Susie stands six feet three and one-half inches without shoes and is by all odds the greatest female basketballer of the times. She hooks them in with either hand, and the way she clears the boards is a caution. In the years I coached the Golden Girls, no player assigned to guard Susie is able to hold her to fewer than fourteen points.

In fact, Susie plays basketball the way she makes electric switches, at which she is the fastest thing on two feet, male or female. Any time you doubt this, take a walk past the East Avenue plant and look in the window. She is the one at the end of the first bench, with bobbed yellow hair and baby blue eyes. A swell girl, always gay.

That is, she was always gay until Mike Trott was assigned to East Avenue and began walking past the plant every hour or so. In spite of certain limitations, Mike is a very handsome policeman possessing a tremendous pair of shoulders. Being a basketball player himself, with the Police Department club, he knows Susie and waves to her.

That is the finish of Susie. Being six feet three and one-half inches, she is not often waved at. Every time Mike passes the window thereafter, she smiles at him with the greatest of hope.

The other girls begin giggling, naturally, because the idea of Susie Kittrick and Mike Trott ever getting together is just plain ridiculous. Mike not only suffers from the certain limitation previously mentioned; he is so shy he would duck across the street to avoid a girl baby in a carriage.

Well, it is funny. When the Golden Girls play basketball Susie is wonderful, because Mike is in the crowd watching her. We win over good teams by thirty or forty points. Game after game she dazzles the spectators with her specialty shot, a leaping one-hand twister that

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Golden Girl

by
HUGH B.
CAVE

Susie was a sure winner on any basketball court.

But tonight Cupid was in the arena, disguised as a shy fellow named Mike

scatters opponents like an airplane propeller shedding drops of water. And when Susie is not piling in the points she is smiling wistfully at Mike through the plant window.

Mike smiles back at her—when there is a window between them. But when they happen to meet where there is no window, he keeps to the other side of the street. It is plain to everyone he is scared to death of her.

We win the league title hands down, as usual, and the girls hang up their uniforms for the season. Then the mayor comes around to see me.

"Mr. Giveney," the mayor says, "how would you like to play one more game this season for the benefit of the Police Department? The ceiling is about to fall down in the Department gym," he says, "and we would like to raise some money to replace it."

Fine, I tell him. But who could we play at this late date? The cash customers will not pay to see us trim the league teams we have been murdering all season, and there is no touring club anywhere in the vicinity.

"We will arrange to have the Police Department club challenge you," he says.

"Those bums!" I exclaim. "We could lick them using Susie Kittrick and four midgets!"

"Nevertheless, the public will pay to see it happen," he insists. "All the world loves a love affair, even if it is a very peculiar love affair. We will set the game up for next Saturday night."

Well, the mayor is so right that even

he is astonished. Saturday night, the Magee recreation hall is jammed to the rafters, and when the two teams come out on the floor the hubbub is so tremendous that for a minute I think we will need a new ceiling ourselves.

The Golden Girls shake hands with their opponents, and all eyes are on Susie and the man assigned to guard her—which is Mike Trott. You could hear a hairpin drop. Susie, so help me, is trembling with stage fright for the first time in her entire life, and Mike Trott is so shy he looks at his feet. A titter runs through the crowd, but the whistle blows before it can develop into an all-out laugh.

Right away I see we are in for trouble.

SUSIE is the one. Apparently she is nervous. It is not the rules that face her—I know for a fact she would rather play the men's game than the women's. But for some reason she allows Mike Trott to bottle her up at every turn. The girls play rings around the opposition and get the ball to her, but whenever the play arrives at Susie it falls to pieces.

We are holding our own, but I am distressed for Susie's sake. Here is the biggest crowd we ever played to, and every one of them came to see Susie run up thirty or forty points on the coppers. And what happens? She is being booed. A fine girl like Susie—it breaks my heart. So I chew my knuckles and leave her in, hoping she will get over whatever is troubling her and show the

When they happen to meet he keeps
to the other side of the street



ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY S. HARTMAN

booing customers what she can really do.

We are ahead at halftime by two points only, which is a scandal, and I shudder to think what the papers will say. During the rest period I speak to Susie.

"That Mike Trott is a terrible guard," I tell her. "What are you letting him do to you?"

"I don't know what he is doing to me," Susie says dejectedly.

"You think you can solve him if I leave you in?"

"I'll try," Susie says. "But he gets better all the time."

"You should be ashamed of yourself," I tell her.

"I am," she says, so ashamed she will not even look at me.

She is right about Mike. He gets better and better, and with three minutes left to play we are behind for the first

time in the game. In fact, for the first time in the whole season. I motion to Sally Roberts to get up off the bench, but Susie sees me and vigorously shakes her head.

She bangs in a field goal. The crowd cheers. Next minute she hooks in another, to tie up the score, and I can see she is herself again. With a minute left to play we are a cinch. Susie is hot at last.

QUESTIONNAIRE for HUSBANDS

Numerous questionnaires have been devised to test the good wife and mother. But women need not always be examining their consciences. Let the man of the house tackle this and see how *he* measures up.

1. Do you get up quietly in the morning and get yourself a good breakfast at the corner drugstore?
2. Do you go to work by public transport so that your wife may have the car to lay in a supply of groceries from the supermarket?
3. Do you, after getting home from work via public transport, cheerfully drive over to the supermarket and lay in a supply of groceries?
4. Do you remember to avoid phoning home after lunch so as not to disturb anyone who is resting?
5. Have you the courage to admire openly your wife's new suit or dress before asking the price?
6. Do you resignedly attend the longest double feature in town on nights when your wife has a hen party?
7. Are you careful not to disturb the nylons that she hangs on your towel rack?
8. When your wife returns late from afternoon bridge, do you meet her at the door with a steaming dish of spaghetti-and-hamburger for the evening meal?
9. Do you cheerfully wash dishes or do any other of your wife's menial tasks when her nail polish is drying?
10. Do you show an interest in her work by asking questions about it? (E.g., "When are you going to get those socks darned?")
11. Do you take advantage of the opportunity that bathing the younger children gives you to be a pal to them?
12. Do you unselfishly spare your wife a discussion of your favorite All-American sports selections?
13. Do you chivalrously appear in your wife's stead to take the cafeteria court rap for her overtime parking ticket.
14. Do you occasionally put on your high-school baseball suit to let her re-live the thrill of young love?
15. Do you refrain from telling her that her hair is looking particularly nice just about when you suspect it is time for another permanent?
16. Do you uncomplainingly hoe, water, and otherwise tend the vegetables and flowers which your wife sets out in spring with a lavish but short-lived enthusiasm?
17. Do you spring joyously to your feet when she suggests that you move the davenport to test new furniture arrangements in your living room?
18. Do you unstintingly praise her cooking skill in unfreezing and heating the frozen peas, frozen potatoes, frozen biscuits, and frozen pies from the corner grocer?
19. Do you turn over and try manfully to go to sleep without a murmur while your wife reads on into the night in bed with the light on?
20. Can you cheer her up after a hard day under the hair dryer?

RATING 12-14 yesses: *Don't mention it to the fellows at the club.*

15-17 yesses: *Harp lessons will not be wasted.*

18-20 yesses: *Better go over them again—there's been some mistake.*

By LOUIS HASLEY

So, with thirty seconds left, Susie gets the ball and the crowd comes to its feet with a roar. She pivots for an easy bucket shot. Mike Trott bats the ball away from her, grabs it, dribbles down all alone and lays it up. For the first time in three years we are licked—and by a bunch of amateurs.

When the girls come out of their dressing room I am being kidded by the mayor, and Susie gets away from me. Afterward, though, I drive to her house to talk to her. Maybe she is sick, I tell myself. Maybe she will do something terrible.

Her mother answers the door to me—a nice little gray-haired woman of average height. "Why, Mr. Giveney!" she says, surprised.

"I have to talk to Susie," I tell her.

"You can't," says Mrs. Kittrick. "She went out with Mike Trott."

"What?"

"I was stunned too," she says. "Everybody has been saying how bashful Mike is, but my goodness, you wouldn't have thought so to see him. He rang the bell as if it was a fire alarm and when I opened the door he lifted me clear off my feet. 'Mrs. Kittrick,' he said, 'I've come to take your daughter for a ride

• The optimist says: "Please pass the cream."

The pessimist says: "Please pass the milk."

The realist says: "Please pass the pitcher."

—Quote

and I won't hear no for an answer!" My goodness," says Mrs. Kittrick again, "you'd have thought he meant to run away with her!"

This is certainly a new development. "Tell me one thing," I say to Susie's mother. "When Susie got home from the game, was she in tears?"

"Tears? My goodness, no! She was gayer than I've seen her in weeks!"

Well. . . I would not like to say who ran away with whom. It is none of my business. But they were married just three weeks later, and I was there at the church along with practically everyone else in town. And I want to tell you they made a handsome couple.

Yep, they were stunning. Susie Kittrick may be six feet three and one-half inches, as I have mentioned, and Mike Trott may be only five feet four with all his wide shoulders, but the confetti they got sprinkled with was a full-blown blizzard.

And no crowd that big ever assembled to watch the Golden Girls play basketball. I got to admit it.

In spite of denials, there are persistent reports that Stalin is a sick man. Who will succeed him and what will be the effect on Soviet foreign policy?



Stalin. Is he failing?

Wide World

Politics in the Kremlin

by
LEONARD J. SCHWEITZER

MOSCOW'S current about-face—the change of attitude which led to the cease-fire talks in Korea—is the result of an internal political crisis now rocking the Kremlin, and is not based on a Communist decision to alleviate international tensions lest they lead to war. Such is the warning sounded by former German Communist leaders who, although they have long since broken with Stalin, are in intimate contact with German and Russian dissidents still occupying important positions in the international Communist hierarchy.

For the moment the exigencies of the domestic political situation in Russia have, of course, served the same purpose as an honest change of policy in Moscow and have slightly lessened the prospects of war. But it would be a dangerous mistake for the leaders of the United States and the American people to believe that the Kremlin's new policy of reasonableness represents a long-term decision, or even can be counted on for the next two or three years.

Jacob Malik's radio talk, the first signal that Moscow was ready to discuss peace in Korea; the insistent claims in the new English-language weekly, *News*,

that there are no irreconcilable differences between the Soviet Union and the West; the similar daily mouthings of the Moscow radio; and even the hospitality accorded the British Foreign Minister in the columns of *Pravda*—all are part and parcel of a ten-year-old conflict between Vyacheslav Molotov and Georgi Malenkov for the succession to Stalin's throne.

Molotov has always encouraged Stalin to adopt a more aggressive attitude toward the West, even at the risk of starting World War III, while Malenkov has been counselling a policy of greater caution, feeling that he needed a few more years of peace to entrench his faction solidly in power. Since the end of the second World War, there have been numerous signs that Molotov was the leader of an exceptionally belligerent school of thought while Malenkov sang a softer tune.

At the time of the 1946 Iranian crisis, when Soviet Russia refused to withdraw her troops from that country and sponsored a separatist movement in northern Iran, it was Molotov who screamed Red Russia's defiance to the world. But Malenkov's only public utterance on

the subject was designed to pour oil on troubled waters. When the Berlin crisis burst upon the world, Molotov was the directing evil genius on the Soviet side and Malenkov's role was confined to a vague utterance about the need for peace in a war-torn world. Finally, just before the Chinese Communist intervention in the Korean War, Mao Tse-tung received Molotov in Peiping for a series of conferences.

But history shows that the leader of the war party is a hero to his government and his people only as long as his policy brings success. As a result of the Communist defeat in Korea, Molotov's stock has fallen and Malenkov has definitely surged to the lead in their rivalry. It is obvious that Russia's present "moderate" attitude results from the latter's hand on the helm, but it is too early definitely to exclude the possibility that Molotov can yet emerge the victor. In that case there will be an immediate resumption of the tough approach to international affairs. But even if—and this is the more likely—Malenkov wins a final and decisive victory over his rival, the West will have only a short respite at best, because Malenkov's more peace-



Malenkov

Molotov

Andreyev

European & Amer.

ful approach stems from expediency and not from better ethics. He believes that Soviet Russia needs more time for preparation before a showdown with the United States and its allies. Also, and probably of greater importance in his mind, Malenkov anticipates that Stalin's place will soon be vacant. Stalin's successor, and Malenkov confidently expects to be that person, will have a better chance of taking over if the country is not in the midst of the upheavals of war.

Until the Korean episode opened, the rival factions—those of Molotov and Malenkov—seem to have divided almost equal power and influence with the aging Stalin. But while the Molotov group stood still and just retained its strength, Malenkov and his partisans were on the rise. The mysterious Andreyev case is proof of this.

Andrei Andreyevich Andreyev is too staunch a Communist to believe in miracles, but the fact that he is alive today proves that they sometimes happen, even in the Soviet Union. Andreyev has managed to keep healthy, although he has twice been accused of ideological errors and opposition to Stalin's policies. True, he has humbly recanted after each accusation, but hundreds of other Bolshevik leaders who have been similarly accused also have recanted. The others are dead, but Andreyev is not only alive, he has even retained his membership in the Politburo, the highest Russian governing body, and he is still a member of the Communist Party secretariat.

IN the Soviet Union, where almost nothing is publicly revealed about personal and political relationships of the top men, incidents like the recent denunciation of Andreyev in *Pravda*, his subsequent confession of error, and his

retention of public office, offer important clues to close observers of Kremlin politics.

The German ex-Communists who have supplied the information on which this article is based are such observers. To them the Andreyev case reveals the existence of the split already mentioned in the all-powerful Politburo between the followers of Molotov and Malenkov. To see how they reach this conclusion, it is necessary to go back in Communist history.

In 1921, Andreyev was only twenty-six but already an important Bolshevik, executive officer of the Russian trade unions body and member of his party's Central Committee. Then he made the mistake of leading the "workers' opposition," a faction which advocated that the workers, through their unions, not the state, should own the country's factories and mines. In taking that stand he opposed both Lenin and Stalin.

HIS proposition was defeated and he was expelled from the Central Committee with a severe reprimand. The next year, after making humble submission to the party bosses and acknowledging his errors, Andreyev was accepted back into the fold. He was named president of the Railway Workers' Union and later was restored to the Central Committee and even promoted to membership in the party secretariat. From there he again rose rapidly. By 1931 he was a full member of the Politburo and head of the Control Commission, the organization which holds party members on the straight and narrow path of Communist regularity. In the same year he became vice premier of the Soviet Union.

Others who had fallen into disgrace

like Andreyev were able to hit the comeback trail also. But the big difference was revealed in the years between 1934 and 1938, when Stalin, a man with a long memory, purged the party of everyone who ever opposed him on any issue, no matter how trivial the issue, no matter how sincere the repentance, no matter how high the offending Communist had managed to climb again. Only Andreyev was allowed to live.

WHAT saved Andreyev was his friendship with Molotov, one of the few Bolsheviks close to Stalin. While the others were dying in slave labor camps or before secret police firing squads, Andreyev was given important posts. He was successively minister of transport and minister of agriculture but lost these jobs because he was not a very good administrator. Yet he hung on to his even more important political jobs as a party secretary and Politburo member, under Molotov's protection.

Meanwhile Malenkov, who had been a tower of strength to Stalin during the purges, was making his phenomenal rise. Malenkov also became a Party secretary and Politburo member while, in contrast to Andreyev, he made good as a government administrator also.

Andreyev's last assignment was to oversee Russia's collective farms and keep the peasants toeing the party line. Then, on February 19, 1950, *Pravda* tossed a bombshell at him. In a lengthy article, "Against Distortions in Collective Farm Labor Organization," Andreyev was unmercifully criticized for failure to do a proper job. The article made the blunt accusation that a grain crop shortage in Kursh Province and elsewhere was caused by Andreyev's muddleheadedness. In the ordinary course

of Soviet events, such a denunciation is usually followed by the disappearance of the victim. But Andreyev remained in sight.

According to the German ex-Reds, the *Pravda* article was inspired by Malenkov, with Stalin's consent, as a move to weaken Molotov's machine by removing a prominent member. Andreyev's removal would have been particularly advantageous to Malenkov because it would have rid him of the enemy who blocked his complete control of the party secretariat, and therefore of the party bureaucracy. Complete control of the bureaucracy and the patronage at the disposal of the secretariat would give Malenkov an enormous boost. That is the way Stalin himself marched to power. Conversely, Andreyev's survival and retention of the secretaryship means that Molotov still has a foot in the door and a chance to thwart Malenkov.

A duel between Molotov and Malenkov, with Andreyev's life as the prize, evidently took place behind the Politburo's locked doors. Since Andreyev is still alive and retains his party positions, Molotov was obviously the victor, but probably by no more than a slight margin. Andreyev was forced to make a second public acknowledgement of his sins and a promise to behave in the future. This appeared in the February 28, 1950, issue of *Pravda*.

What induced Stalin to relieve Andreyev at the last minute, after agreeing with Malenkov to get rid of him, can only be surmised. Perhaps Molotov convinced the Red boss that Malenkov was going too fast and might try to take over before Stalin was ready. Whatever the reason, Andreyev's happiness over his narrow escape must be tempered by the knowledge that he is living on borrowed time. He has two strikes against him in a game in which the rules say one strike is out—permanently.

MEANWHILE, the breach between Molotov and Malenkov was patched up temporarily as a result of early Communist successes in Korea. When they thought that the Reds would have their way on the peninsula, drive the American forces into the sea, and take over the entire country, the two rivals agreed to submerge their differences for the time being. Now, however, because the American forces and their allies converted defeat into victory, Malenkov has been able to renew his campaign against Molotov whom he holds responsible for the Korean adventure.

For it was Molotov's suggestion that Stalin give the go-ahead signal to the Korean Reds. Since it was apparent that the idea appealed to Stalin, Malenkov was careful not to speak too vigorously against it at Politburo meetings called

to discuss the matter. Molotov then had cause to fear that he was being nosed out by Malenkov in the race for Stalin's favor. By sponsoring the attack on South Korea, which he hoped would prove a vigorous, successful move, the type that appeals to Stalin, Molotov expected to push his way back into the running.

On the other hand, Malenkov would have preferred to wait for two or three years before challenging the United States in Korea or elsewhere. He hoped to use that time to good purpose in strengthening his hold on the Communist Party bureaucracy so that if anything were to happen to Stalin there would be no chance of Molotov's slipping into the seat of power.

DESPITE the reconciliation staged between the rivals early in the Korean fighting, it is doubtful if either man was taken in by the temporary truce. Malenkov was known to feel that if the Korean adventure worked out successfully, nevertheless he would lose nothing because his position as party secretary has made him many friends and advocates in the lower echelons of the party bureaucracy. Although Andreyev is also a party secretary—and theoretically of equal rank—he has not taken the same advantage of his opportunities as Malenkov and has not built up a personal following whose support he could throw to Molotov. Then, too, Malenkov felt that a defeat or setback in Korea could be used to bring about Molotov's speedy elimination.

That is just what happened, and now Malenkov, having proved to Stalin that Molotov's analysis of the Korean affair was incorrect, is using the latter's error as a lever to dispose of him for all time. Malenkov is now definitely in first place with Stalin, but either because of his years of friendship with Molotov or, more likely, because the Red dictator, as he grows older, is less decisive in his actions, Molotov is still on the scene and desperately struggling to repair his shattered fortunes.

There was an indication of this a few months ago in Warsaw, where Molotov made a speech breathing defiance to the West in the familiar old terms, while in Moscow diplomatic conversations exploring the possibilities for a cease-fire in Korea were going on at almost the same moment. It is interesting to note that, when the American Ambassador in Moscow was dispatched to the Foreign Office for an explanation of the significance of Malik's words on the possibility of a cessation of hostilities in Korea, he was received not by the nominal foreign minister, Andrei Vishinsky, but by the deputy foreign minister, Andrei Gromyko. There are two ex-

planations of this fact making the rounds, and while they are mutually contradictory, they both are postulated on a struggle to the death between Molotov and Malenkov.

One explanation says that Vishinsky has been purposely kept in the background since the outbreak of the Korean War in order to keep his skirts clean on that affair if Stalin were to find it necessary to drop Molotov and replace him with someone else. The other explanation declares that Vishinsky is Molotov's man and therefore could not be trusted to negotiate for talks leading to a cease-fire, since his boss was so thoroughly opposed to a cessation of the fighting and would have preferred Russian intervention rather than an armistice. The mutually contradictory nature of these explanations, by people who are perhaps better acquainted with Soviet politics and politicians than anyone else in the free world, is a tribute to Vishinsky's slipperiness if nothing else.

The probabilities of the situation now are that as long as Malenkov retains his lead and the direction of Communist policy, Soviet Russia will continue to lull Western suspicions by adopting a deceptively mild foreign policy. This retreat from the fire-eating tactics that followed the end of World War II will last just long enough to install Malenkov in the saddle. Stalin is now seventy-two years old, after all, and it is reasonable to expect that he will play an increasingly inactive role, or even leave the stage entirely, within the next two or three years. Malenkov, it can also be expected, will use that time to root out the Molotov faction *in toto*. Then, whenever he is satisfied that his right to the succession is no longer in the slightest danger from malcontents, he can resume the aggressive tactics which have kept the world in an uproar since 1945.

On the other hand, if Molotov's slight chance to recapture his lost position should materialize, it is almost certain that there would be an immediate reversal of the momentary policy of moderation.

THE answer to whether the world can enjoy a few years of respite under Malenkov or will be quickly plunged into the bloody abyss under Molotov is the fate of Andreyev. If the dispatches from Moscow announce, one of these days, that that worthy has just died of a heart attack, or if he is again denounced by *Pravda*, that will mean that Malenkov has clinched his victory. Such an announcement, if Malenkov is truly to be a worthy successor of his old master Stalin, should shortly be followed by similar news about Molotov. The change of the guard in the Kremlin will then be complete.

A Soldier Who Will Never

I MARCHED with my platoon at Paris Island, South Carolina, the place they say God forgot. Since then, I have marched in many other places the Marines say God "forgot," isolated places like the New Hebrides, the Marshall Islands, and the Marianas.

In boot camp, our drill instructor would bellow, "You're Marines, now. Act like it." Then he would add, with the pride that has made the Marine Corps famous, "Remember that a Marine is the toughest, best fighting man in the world."

"Do you see that rifle?" he would ask, daring anyone to reply in the affirmative. "You've been taught how to use it. Some day it may save your life. Take care of it. If you don't, maybe you won't get a second chance."

Most of us were mere boys, the approaching signs of manhood evident in the appearance of peach-fuzz on our tanned cheeks. In spite of our youth, we had assumed the responsibilities of manhood by the very fact that we held a rifle in our hands and were being taught to use it in the terrible game of war.

Upon entering the Marine Corps Training Depot at P. I., the "boot" is assigned to a platoon. In command of the platoon is a drill instructor. It is his task to transform inexperienced men into fighting Marines.

As I looked at our D. I., I saw all that which I had ever dreamed of being, a man, a fighting man. There was no doubt in my mind that I wanted to be as good a Marine as he. I decided to study him, watch his every action, and imitate him in every possible way.

A few weeks later I had changed my mind. If you had asked me why, I would have been too homesick and disgusted to tell you. Outwardly, he hadn't changed. Forceful? Powerfully built? A Marine's Marine? He was all of these. Yet, I no longer thought of following in his footsteps. Somehow I knew that there was something lacking in his strength. Something—I knew not what, until one Sunday evening as I wandered along the marsh behind my barrack, wanting to be anywhere but at P. I.

Night had silently covered the Island with her cloak, and the crickets sent up a song which seemed to say, "Too bad, too bad, you can't go home."

On the verge of tears, I suddenly remembered that a Marine never cries, not even if he knows he is going to die.

Echoes of war remind me how foolish I was to take a man as a model for a marine when I had Christ, the One who never forgets, the only Soldier who will never fade away

Angry at my un-Marine-like attitude, I reached into the pocket of my dungarees for a cigarette. Instead, I found the rosary I had forgotten since I left home.

Laughing quietly, I remembered that the D. I. always retorted, "Tell your troubles to the chaplain," whenever anyone summoned enough courage to voice a complaint. I decided to tell mine to Mary.

As the beads slipped through my fingers, I suddenly realized what it was that had been lacking in our platoon leader. He wasn't God! That was it. He wasn't God! I had been too stupid to realize it. The only One who could show me how to live the life of a Marine was Jesus Christ, the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity.

I felt foolish, then wondered if there were others, others who look toward man for that which can be found only in Christ. Had anyone else let God become an abstract Someone who was adored on Sunday and quietly ignored for the rest of the week?

I sat down, not caring that the ground was wet. I looked at the small crucifix, straining my eyes as though I had never seen it before.

Then I closed my eyes and let my mind go back to that memorable day on Calvary Hill. Then, further back, to Mary and Joseph in a little town called Bethlehem. I saw God lower Himself because of His great love for those whom He had created in His own image. He became Man.

Automatically I commenced the Five Sorrowful Mysteries. Christ was in the Garden. His followers were to stand watch but fell asleep, as I had often wanted to when I walked my post. In a way they too were in service, but to their God. He was their Supreme Commander.

As He knelt He saw the agony which was to come. Still worse, He suffered the bloody sweat for our sins. He felt alone as I felt alone, only more so. He was away from home, soon to be humiliated by those whom He had created. He knew that He was to die, and He had

come for that very reason. And I was decrying my lot! He had not the comfort of His loved ones, and He was separated from His Father. I was separated from my family and I thought that I had experienced some great loss. My troubles seemed insignificant in comparison.

Being God, He knew the anguish that must soon fill the heart of His Mother, the Virgin Mary. And I thought that I was alone! My mother was at home, and with a mother's faith, she knew that I would soon return. Here was Jesus grief-stricken because of the sins of man, having His great burden made heavier by the knowledge that His death would hurt the one who not so many years before had said, "Be it done unto me according to Thy Word."

My sense of shame increased as I continued my rosary. They tied Him to a pillar and scourged Him unmercifully. With an example of fortitude that can be shown to any man in the service, Jesus accepted the will of His Father. This Soldier, the Son of God, received the slaps and scorn of those who hated Him. He did not reprimand them. Instead, He prayed. It was His way of showing His love for those who mocked Him.

His pain must have been intense as they placed the crown of thorns upon His sacred head. My head hung low as I remembered cursing the steel helmet which we wore while marching. While His crown of thorns was given as a prelude to the crucifixion, our steel helmets were given so that one day our lives might be spared in the field.

With the crown resting on His pain-filled, bleeding head, He took the cross which they gave Him and carried it to Calvary. The rifles which we carried were in no way nearly as heavy. How great must have been His pain!

Then I remembered the number of times I almost dropped out of ranks because of the strain of boot training. How He must have suffered! The times He fell. Only an all-loving God could have taken so many insults with such

Fade Away

by JEREMIAH E. FLYNN



Illustration by Dom Lupo

"Then I closed my eyes and let my mind go back to that memorable day on Calvary Hill"

resignation. How many men, after dropping out of ranks, are helped by other Simons? They received comfort. For Jesus there was none. Only more pain, and the weeping of His beloved followers.

Finally, Calvary Hill and the Crucifixion. How many hills were taken by the sheer weight of numbers during the beginning of the war, and later regained by shellfire and loss of innumerable lives. But, only the hills were taken. Here on the peak of Calvary, the world was conquered that day by one Man, the God-man, Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour.

His clothes were ripped from His body, and flesh being torn with it. Weren't our wounded given the best-known medical attention? He had none,

only the cruel taunts of the men who were to crucify Him as a common thief.

The nails pierced each hand and limb, and His blood stained the wood, overflowing and entering every part of the world, shed for the sins of man. So too does the blood flow in wartime. But, it is shed by man, not the God-man. In war it is unnecessary bloodshed, on Calvary it was necessary in order that the gates of heaven be reopened and the prophecies be fulfilled.

He had great thirst, a thirst greater than that which a soldier would ever experience in the field. And they gave Him vinegar. We had our tablets which served to purify contaminated water.

His cry, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," is the greatest single act of His love. With

these words, He gave His life so that we might live. In meeting death upon the field of battle, how many forgave those who sought to kill them.

I finished my rosary that day beside the marsh. But I sat for many hours afterward, seeing many instances in the life of Christ that show a fighting man how to live—and die.

That seems like a very long time ago. Now, as I sit at home and hear once again the eerie echoes of war drums coming from the shores of Europe and Asia, across the wide expanse of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, I think how foolish I was to seek in man a model for perfection. How foolish I was, when I had Christ at hand, the One who never "forgets," the only Soldier who will never fade away.

Thomas a-Kempis and

THE SECRET OF BROTHERHOOD

THE *Imitation of Christ* is a biography. It is a gallery of written pictures that reveal the soul-life of a good, kind man. The pictures, clear and authentic, while showing nothing of the outer life of a "certain religious"—how or where he lived, whom he met, what he ate—disclose what is most worth knowing about him. They display, in simple, artistic beauty, his precious experiences, spiritual impulses, and wise reflections. They constitute, in effect, a rare and wonderful biography.

In the *Imitation* we see, as a living thing, a heart aflame with brotherly feeling. We see the movements of that heart. We see, too, at work, an honest, acute mind, preoccupied about the true nature of brotherhood, searching for and finding its secret.

Monuments over the dead are usually inscribed to the memory of those who are buried. But the monument over the body of Thomas a Kempis, at Zwolle, is inscribed: "Not to the memory, but to the honor of Thomas a Kempis, whose name is more enduring than any monument." His name deserves well to endure, if for no other reason than for leaving to us the secret of brotherhood.

Thomas Hamerken (1380-1471), better known as Thomas a Kempis, was well equipped to teach brotherhood. He sprang from among the followers of "the new devotion," a movement that aimed at reviving in fourteenth-century Rhineland the abundant charity of the first Christians. He was a "Brother of the Common Life," as the followers of "the new devotion" were called, and entered the newly established monastery of Mt. Saint Agnes, near Cologne. For over seventy years he lived as a monk, serving his religious brothers and the poor. He copied manuscripts with neatness and skill; wrote books of piety, and chanted the psalter in the choir, standing on tiptoes. Obliging, witty, kind, and wise, his only recreation was to rest "in little nooks with little books" (*in een Hoecken met een Boecken*).

Brother Thomas was described as of medium height, dark complexioned, "with a broad forehead and piercing eyes," which were brown in color. His manner was affable but reserved. He yearned for the joy of contemplation

Nations make the same mistake as individuals in dealing with others. They brag and talk down their nose. A little German monk gives a word of advice

by E. BOYD BARRETT

and often excused himself from company, saying: "My brethren, I must go. Someone is waiting to converse with me in my cell!"

HE was still a young man, thirty-eight years of age, when he wrote the *Imitation*. But, though young, he was not immature, for he had trodden faithfully, for ten years of professed religious life, every step of "the excellent way." He had learned, as he himself humorously expressed it, to prefer *psalmi* to *salmones*.

On two occasions Brother Thomas was elected subprior of Mt. Saint Agnes, and once his brethren tried him as "*oeconomiae praefectus*"—that is, as business manager or procurator. But one gathers that he was a failure in this post on account of the softness of his heart. His brown eyes melted too readily when he heard the hard-luck stories of beggars at the monastery gate, and he gave away more than the community could well spare.

Now, to come to what I have called "the secret of true brotherhood" that a Kempis discovered and handed down to us.

Many readers, if asked the question, "What is the chief prerequisite of brotherhood?", would, I think, answer that it is sympathy, or compassion, or generosity, or readiness to help and to sacrifice oneself. Such qualities are no doubt necessary ingredients of brotherhood, but this is to be noted—that a man could be possessed of all of them and still be wanting in true brotherhood!

I think a Kempis has the answer to this question, if we have patience to follow his reasoning.

Before we turn over many pages of the *Imitation*, we come across this statement: "That is the highest and most important lesson when a man truly

knoweth and judgeth lowly of himself." Modern books on social science emphasize the necessity of studying our fellow men in order to be in a position to help them. But a Kempis says: "What is it to thee whether a man be this or that, or say or do thus or thus?" (Book III. Ch. 24). He tells us in effect: "Don't bother much about studying or analyzing others; study and analyze yourself!"

TO go a step farther. Why does a Kempis insist on self-knowledge? Because self-knowledge is the door to humility! "He who knoweth himself well is vile in his own sight!" Humility is all-important in working for others, because it is the basis of tolerance and understanding. "If thou hast any good, believe that others have more . . . it is no harm for thee if thou place thyself below all others, but it is a great harm if thou place thyself above even one!"

One can imagine the consternation, the howls of derision, that would be occasioned were a Kempis to appear before a Social Science class in Columbia University and to say: "This is great and perfect wisdom, to account nothing of oneself and to think always kindly and highly of others!" And yet, in so saying, a Kempis would be revealing the secret of true brotherhood!

Brotherhood calls upon us "to honor all men" (St. Peter); to bear with the faults of others; to yield place to others; to avoid "talking down" to others or "lording it over" them. But, without humility, we fail in these requirements.

People have faults that it is hard to put up with; a Kempis reminds us, "Thou thyself also hast many things which have need to be borne with by others." In our pride we judge leniently of our own faults and severely of the faults of others; a Kempis reminds us,



Thomas à Kempis, author of the five hundred year old best seller, the *Imitation of Christ*. A shy man with a powerful pen

"How seldom we weigh our neighbor in the same balance with ourselves." In our pride too we give advice to others. A Kempis shakes a warning finger. "Keep always thine eye upon thyself first of all and give advice to thyself specially before all thy dearest friends."

It is the fashion to decry modesty and humility as being an unhealthy state of mind bound up with the "inferiority complex." It is common to equate sanity and mental equilibrium with aggressive self-assertion and insistence upon recognition of one's worth. But humility is not unhealthy, for it is based upon truth and the knowledge of one's complete dependence upon God. *The man who is not humble is living in a world of fantasy.* He lives in dreamland, dreaming silly images of his supposed importance.

I said, above, that sometimes we do things for others, well-meaningly, and at great cost to ourselves, only to find that we hurt and offend. As a nation we perform gigantic deeds of humanitarianism and fail to win respect.

Personally, I think, it is the proud, patronizing way in which we confer benefits that causes resentment. We proclaim ourselves "the moral leaders of the world" and from this high and mighty platform we distribute our doles! What is lacking to us is humility . . . or to use a better understood word, *tact*. The tactful man is a humble man. In doing a good deed, generosity and humility make an irresistible combination. A man may be generous, thoughtful, courteous, charming, but unless he is humble of heart the thing he does for you often offends. The instant you detect some sign of pride or "superiority" in him, as he takes you by the arm to help you, you wince and feel a natural resentment.

The humble man does not *force* his services upon you, does not claim unduly the right to question you, does not interfere in your affairs, and least of all does he arrogate to himself the wisdom to advise you.

A Kempis clinches his great lesson on brotherhood in the third book of the

Imitation (Chapter XXIII). Under the title "*Of four things which bring great peace*," he gives four rules which are at one and the same time rules of brotherhood and rules of humility.

In an amazing way he identifies humility as love and love as humility! The "four things" are:

(1) Strive to do another's will rather than thine own.

(2) Choose always to have less rather than more.

(3) Seek always after the lowest place and to be subject to all.

(4) Wish always and pray that the will of God be fulfilled in thee.

When the average man reads these rules, he is inclined to throw up his hands in despair and say: "That's saints' stuff! It's beyond me! I couldn't obey rules like those!" Certainly, the rules look grim as they stand, but if worded in *easier* language, and "interpreted" a little, they are not so forbidding. Here is what the rules demand of the average man: to be always ready to help out another even at personal sacrifice; to allow others to have the best seat and the best share; to avoid "hogging" publicity and attempting to "boss" others; and, above all, never to tell God what is good for you or what He *should* do!

A KEMPIS' four rules teach succinctly how to love our fellow men and how to hold ourselves where we belong, namely, in a humble place. They teach true brotherhood. The proud man obeys the opposite of the four rules; he fights for his own way in everything; he grabs the best whenever he can; he courts publicity and dictates to others; he guides his life in disregard of God. There is, there can be, no real compassion, no true love in his heart.

To sum up. If you intend to be a good social worker; if you mean to follow "the way of brotherhood"; "the excellent way"; the way of goodness and tact and kindness toward others that alone makes life worth living; if you yearn for that wonderful "enlargement of all the powers of the soul" that charity brings in its wake; you have to learn a Kempis' secret, that he in his turn learned from the Master; you have to become "meek and humble of heart."



"YOU CAN'T PRINT THAT."

Harris & Ewing photos

**Under the pretext of national security, a sweeping censorship
is being forced on the press. If it continues, freedom is lost**

by JOHN C. O'BRIEN

AT Camp Breckenridge in Kentucky, six WAC sergeants beat up a WAC corporal who had testified against one of their friends in a court martial. It was a shocking display of brutality, but it almost didn't get into the newspapers.

A colonel at the camp, exercising the wide discretion vested in him by a directive intended to safeguard the country's security, marked the case "confidential." Actually, of course, the incident had no bearing on security at all, and the colonel knew it did not. He feared it would reflect on the camp officers responsible for discipline and he was determined to hush it up. The security directive happened to be a convenient cover.

This is just one illustration of the growing tendency in government at all levels to draw a line between what the American people may know and what they may not know.

Federal and state governments are employing more people and spending more money for the ostensible purpose of informing the people about their activities than ever before in the his-

tory of the country. The Federal Government alone keeps 45,000 press agents on its payroll and spends \$75,000,000 a year on press releases. Yet, despite this implied recognition of the traditional right of the American people to know what their public servants are doing, paradoxically, publishers and editors have never been more alarmed than they are today about the increasing difficulty of keeping their readers informed about the public business.

The most recent jolt was President Truman's order extending to all government agencies the right to censor information in the interest of national security, previously exercised only in the Defense and State departments. This order gives the agencies the power to withhold information they consider helpful to a potential enemy and there is no appeal from their decisions.

Publishers' and editors' organizations promptly condemned the order as sinister and repressive. Critical resolutions were adopted by the Associated Press Managing Editors' Association, the American Society of Newspaper Editors,

and the Freedom of Information Committee of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity. A committee of the APMEA called on the President, but found him firm in his determination to stop what he termed "leaks of military information."

The editors assured the President that, while a few publishers and editors might be willing to jeopardize the safety of the country for the sake of a sensational story, the majority would co-operate in keeping significant military information from a potential enemy. The editors said they approved the purpose of the directive, but they objected that it gave such wide discretion to officials of non-military agencies that it could, and probably would, be used to cover up administrative blunders, errors of policy, misuse of funds, and scandals of the type that have been coming to light under the recent probing of Congressional committees.

Senator Blair Moody, of Michigan, a member of the President's own party, from a long experience as a newspaperman, saw the possibilities of abuse and

urged Mr. Truman to sit down with a committee of responsible Washington correspondents and try to work out a system of voluntary censorship with a central authority to which newspapers and magazines could appeal from arbitrary rulings of agency officials. As yet, however, all suggestions for modification of the order have been ignored. Meanwhile, instances of confusion continue to multiply.

Not long ago, for example, the director of the Office of Military Preparedness told a Senate subcommittee in secret session that arms shipments to our allies in Europe were lagging far behind the original programmed schedules. A few days later, the same official told a news conference: "We're well ahead of where we told Congress we would be at this time. We are not attempting to be smug about the accomplishments but the rate of shipments is actually ahead of the ability of NATO (North Atlantic Treaty Organization) members to activate ground forces."

One story for members of the Senate subcommittee; a different story for the public which relies for its information on what it reads in the newspapers. It wouldn't be news to the Russians that arms shipments are lagging; the Kremlin's agents in Europe are well aware of that. But from the standpoint of the defense establishment it would not be expedient to let the American people know.

A dozen or so years ago, the heads of government departments and agencies submitted to questioning by newsmen with greater regularity and frequency than they do today. While President

Roosevelt saw newsmen twice a week, Mr. Truman sees them only once a week. The daily press conference of the Secretary of State has given way to a once-a-week meeting. Some cabinet members and agency heads who used to be available to newsmen once or twice a week now hardly ever see them at all.

More and more the men responsible for government policy and administration are screening themselves behind "spokesmen" or press officers. A few of these—notably Joseph H. Short, Jr., the President's press secretary, and Michael J. McDermott, spokesman for the State Department—meet newsmen every day. They are widely experienced, conscientious and co-operative insofar as their superiors will allow them to be.

Press officers in many of the departments are merely information men. They have a legitimate place, since the government is now so vast and complex that it would be impossible for the press to obtain information without their help. However, much of the information they disseminate has been condemned by both the press and by members of Congress as "propaganda."

For example, for several years the Social Security Administration, aided by the U. S. Public Health Service, the Children's Bureau, the U. S. Office of Education, the U. S. Employment Service, and the Department of Agriculture, has poured out a deluge of pamphlets, booklets, and press releases promoting the Administration's national health insurance scheme. One Public Health Service pamphlet went so far as to suggest to recipients: "You can write a letter to the readers' column of your

local newspaper and tell your editor why the readers should back the National Health Insurance bill."

Regardless of whether the government's arguments are sound or unsound, this is lobbying as bold-faced as that of the American Medical Association in opposition to the scheme, which has been so vehemently condemned by Oscar Ewing, head of F. S. A.

ANOTHER way information is kept from the public is through the "executive session." Sessions of Congress are required by law to be public. But many of the most important decisions of the Congress are made in committees. The committees operate in the open when the business in hand is something the members for one reason or another—usually for political advantage—wish to publicize. But when the business happens to be a bill which members wish to kill without letting their constituents know they voted to kill it, the sessions are "executive"—that is, secret. Occasionally, a member tells tales out of school on fellow members, but the newspaper which relies on his information never can be sure of its accuracy. There are times, of course, when the executive session is not only proper but necessary; when members of the Defense Department, for example, give the committees military information that should be kept from a potential enemy. These, however, are not the executive sessions the publishers and the editors complain about.

Not all federal censorship is undertaken in the name of national security. Until Congress amended the law recently, states were forbidden to make public their welfare rolls under penalty of forfeiting federal welfare funds. The ostensible purpose of veiling the welfare rolls in secrecy was to protect recipients of relief assistance from distasteful publicity. But the effect of the closed-door policy has been to encourage fraudulent raids on the welfare funds by unscrupulous citizens. Several State legislatures attempted to stop the abuse by authorizing publication of the names of these raiders of the public treasury, but they were compelled to back down under threats from Washington that federal funds would be cut off if the names were published. The new amendment permits the states to decide for themselves whether or not to throw open to public inspection the relief rolls, but prohibits use of them for political or commercial purposes.

Until recently federal censorship kept secret the names of those to whom large sums of public money were loaned by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. Some state offices of the Federal Housing Authority also refused to re-



Senator Blair Moody. The President ignored his suggestion for a voluntary censorship worked out by correspondents.

veal the names of recipients of its loans. It took persistent effort on the part of the *Tribune* of Tampa, Florida, to break down these barriers.

The newspaper appealed to the Washington administrators of the two agencies, who, at first, supported the state administrators on the droll grounds that transactions between lenders and mortgagees were private business. The newspaper agreed that this reasoning might hold between private lenders and mortgagees but not when the loans were taxpayers' funds. To deny the public information about these transactions was merely a form of censorship, the newspaper contended. Finally Washington gave in.

It is now quite apparent that had the transactions of the RFC been subject to publicity, it would not have been so easy for persons connected with the White House through politics or friendship to have influenced the decisions of the RFC in behalf of favored applicants.

WASHINGTON is not alone in the effort to filter news through a screen of censorship. Censorship is encountered in both its direct and indirect forms on the state and local levels of government as well. The federal government is not the only employer of the press agent and the official release or handout. *Editor and Publisher* reported in April, 1951 that forty-two states were employing seven hundred press agents at an annual cost of \$4,000,000. New York State alone has one hundred publicity men and the total cost of state publicity was \$500,000 in 1950.

When a committee of the New York State Society of Editors called upon the New York State Information Council to complain that it was tired of the "evasive propaganda" in the handouts, the spokesman for the council replied: "It is just going to continue because our job is to present the news just as favorably to our bosses as we can."

A Missouri editor disclosed recently that various state agencies were denying the managers of their local offices the right to talk. If an inquiry were made at a local office of a state department, the newspaper was stalled off until the inquiry could be referred to a press agent in the state office. The answer would come back in the form of a protectively worded release and no one in authority would be available for questioning.

Local officials are, perhaps, even more brazenly contemptuous of the public's right to know than those in the state capitals and in Washington. A common method of keeping the public in the dark in the local communities is the calling of meetings of public bodies on the quiet in unaccustomed places. One

small town editor discovered that a local body was meeting in the cellar of the town jail instead of in its proper place in the Town Hall.

A more celebrated battle between a newspaper and politicians over freedom of information took place in Providence, Rhode Island. A reporter for the *Providence Journal*, attending a meeting of the Board of Aldermen in the city of Pawtucket, suspected there was something fishy about a resolution au-



Harris & Ewing photos
Right, Press Secretary Jos. Short, with late Steve Early

thorizing abatement of taxes in the amount of \$89,377.12, which was being read by title only. He asked the city clerk if he could see the text of the resolution, giving the names and addresses of the persons who were getting their taxes reduced. The clerk turned him down and when the reporter appealed to higher officials he met with a series of rebuffs.

The *Journal* started a suit to compel the city authorities to make the tax abatements public, contending that they were a public record which any taxpayer had a right to inspect. The case was carried to the United States Court of Appeals, which ruled that municipal officers do not have the power to withhold fiscal records and that "the existence of such power would be quite at variance with democratic principles developed in this country."

Among the indirect methods of applying censorship is the prosecution of publishers, editors, and reporters for defamation, libel suits, and threats of libel suits. These devices are used to frighten newspapers into withholding news distasteful to public officials. With the big newspapers the device seldom works, but, since libel suits are ex-

pensive, the smaller papers often are compelled to submit.

A case currently in point is the indictment of the publisher, co-publisher, managing editor, city editor, and a reporter of the Lake Charles *American Press* in Lake Charles, Louisiana. The five newspapermen have been forced to stand trial on charges of defaming three gamblers and sixteen public officials. The charges were based on articles and editorials in the newspaper, accusing the local officials of failure to enforce the state's gambling laws.

ANOTHER repressive trend is the tendency of courts to criticize reporting of criminal trials. When the United States Supreme Court reversed the conviction of two Negroes in Florida for rape, Mr. Justice Jackson remarked from the bench: "It is becoming a question whether under modern methods of publicity a fair trial can be granted any man." He objected that headlines concerning the trial in Florida newspapers, (based upon the testimony) inflamed public passions, although some of the newspapers pleaded editorially for calmness and justice. Perhaps, it would be wise to adopt the British practice of forbidding publication of indictments and confessions in advance of trial, but if Mr. Justice Jackson's reasoning is to be followed, it is difficult to see how the press could report any criminal trial.

Freedom of information is threatened not only from without. Sigma Delta Chi's Committee on Freedom of Information pointed out that the threat comes also from within the newspapers themselves. The committee excoriated the practice of some members of the working press, particularly those covering sports, of accepting free admissions, free transportation, and valuable Christmas gifts. Newsmen under such obligations, the committee suggested, could not be expected to perform their full duty to the public.

The primary duty to resist censorship at all levels of government, direct and indirect, lies primarily with the press itself—the daily, the weekly, the monthly. But in the last analysis, the public will determine how far censorship of news may go. Freedom of the press is guaranteed by the Constitution; no one can be denied the right to publish. But there are no federal statutory guarantees protecting the public's right to information. The public, however, can bring pressure on Congress to provide such guarantees.

Otherwise, censorship may be carried to the extreme ridiculed in a notice posted by a wag in one of the offices in the Pentagon. It reads: "Classification secret DBR—Destroy Before Reading."



STAGE and SCREEN

by JERRY COTTER

Quo Vadis

For sheer magnitude and visual beauty, few screen spectacles have compared with the current version of Henry Sienkiewicz's classic, *QUO VADIS*. Above and beyond the dazzle of its Technicolor façade the film achieves a far greater goal in its stirring spiritual tones. In sequences devoted to the deep faith and the martyrdom of the early Christians, the production attains a grandeur seldom duplicated on the motion picture screen.

However, this seven-million-dollar affair is not without flaws, some of them quite surprising. The picture-post-card quality of the depraved Nero's court and triumphal processions seems to have rubbed off on many of the more intimate dramatic moments. There is a strange inconsistency and a stilted, self-conscious attitude by the leading players that doesn't quite ring true. Particularly is this so in the case of Peter Ustinov, who makes of the pagan Nero a posturing fool almost beyond belief. A stricter application of directorial power by Mervyn Leroy would have checked



Above: Emperor Nero (Peter Ustinov) argues with Petronius (Leo Genn) in "Quo Vadis." Insert: Leading players Robert Taylor, Deborah Kerr, and Finlay Currie, who plays the role of St. Peter

this prodigious overacting. Contrasted with the underplaying of Robert Taylor, Deborah Kerr, and Leo Genn, it becomes even more unfortunate.

The spiritual side of this film colossus is more satisfying than its dramatic passages. Contrasted with the lush quality of the mob scenes, the simple sincerity of the probing into Christianity's early years in Rome becomes all the more impressive and symbolic. Such moments as Peter's sermon to assembled Christians in the Catacombs, his entry into the Colosseum where the martyrs are facing their horrible death, and his inverted crucifixion are scenes which will be remembered long after the pomp and glory of the picture's spectacle have been forgotten.

Even as Simon called Peter is telling the faithful that "where Nero rules today, Christ shall rule forever," the foundations of pagan Rome are beginning to crumble. The decadence of Nero's court is depicted in admirable fashion. With less intelligence it might have been the excuse for Bacchanalia, but here it is handled with discretion and good taste. In the interest of a tighter motion picture, the scenes

of Nero's conferences with his advisers might have been cut considerably.

The horrors of Rome's destruction by fire, the agonizing scenes as lions are unleashed in the Circus of Nero; racing chariots on the Appian Way; the triumphant procession of the returning legions and the lush, warm beauty of the Italian sky, as caught by the Technicolor camera, are the physical highlights of the production. But the unforgettable message of *Quo Vadis*, the moral it stresses for today's Neros and for the indifferent, far outweigh its importance as an example of Hollywood's technical skill.

While the leading players are overshadowed by the towering production, some of the lesser roles shine through with unusual clarity. Finlay Currie's Peter and Abraham Sofaer as Paul of Tarsus are splendid interpretations; former boxer Buddy Baer is splendid as a herculean Christian with the simple heart of a child; Patricia Laffan is coldly cruel as the Empress Poppea and Felix Aylmer excellent as a former Roman general marching toward martyrdom.

Quo Vadis is a magnificent motion picture. The flaws are surface distractions, but its message will reach out and touch the hearts and minds of all who see it.

Reviews in Brief

HONG KONG follows the formula adventure pattern, but is presented so effectively and attractively that it measures up as splendid family fare. Ronald Reagan sets the pace in a fast-moving yarn in which intriguing background shots of the Oriental metropolis lend added interest and conviction. A fabulous golden idol, a very small, very cute Chinese orphan boy, a pretty mission teacher, and the inevitable D'Artagnan in modern dress pad out the plot. Rhonda Fleming, Nigel Bruce, Marvin Miller, and young Danny Chang carry out their assignments efficiently in this absorbing variation on a familiar theme. (Paramount)

CALLAWAY WENT THATAWAY is a surprisingly deft spoof of the video cowboys. With Fred MacMurray, Dorothy

Rhonda Fleming, Ronald Reagan, and young Danny Chang in "Hong Kong"



McGuire, and Howard Keel in the leading roles, it develops into a bright comedy with topical twists that add greatly to the fun. Although the television cowpokes are the exclusive property of the youngsters, this satire has been slanted for the adult audience. (M-G-M)

The millions who have read and loved the Charles Dickens Christmas classic will find the British-made version of **A CHRISTMAS CAROL** completely satisfying. In an all-too-rare blend of brilliant acting and expert camera manipulation, this inspirational story emerges on the screen as an appropriate and memorable holiday offering. The penurious "Scrooge" is skillfully interpreted by Alastair Sim, and the supporting players measure up to all demands. (United Artists)

As a piece of recruiting propaganda, **I WANT YOU** will undoubtedly satisfy the top brass in all branches of the armed forces. Whether it does as much for the moviegoer seeking a measure of entertainment or artistic achievement is a more debatable point. The plot is concerned with those men who fought in World War II and the boys now facing the same ordeal in its postscript. The issues at stake are glossed over while stress is laid on the emotional problems and the family-career involvements of two brothers who enter the service at the film's end. Episodic, often unconvincing, and indifferently presented, this rarely rises above average. Dana Andrews, Dorothy McGuire, Farley Granger, Peggy Dow, Robert Kieth, and Mildred Dunnock are capable enough, but hampered in their characterizations by a story that hardly seems equal to the occasion. As a rallying cry it strikes a weak note, and as entertainment it fails to enlist more than a minimum of audience sympathy. (RKO-Goldwyn)

Frances Langford's real-life efforts to provide entertainment for the hospitalized veterans of World War II is given cinematic attention in **PURPLE HEART DIARY**. In addition, the film compliments the efforts of the USO, provides a substantial bit of Langford vocalizing, offers portions of romance, sentiment and newsreel shots of battle scenes. The result is unpretentious, but pleasant family fare, which at least serves to point up the very important morale duties met by USO. (Columbia)

THE BAREFOOT MAILMAN is a humorous flashback to the era when mail delivery was often an adventurous assignment. Jerome Courtlandt's route in this nineteenth-century comedy is the swampland of Florida, ranging from Palm Beach to Miami. As if the natural risks of such a job weren't enough, the script adds some dangerous beachcombers and a slick swindler. Underwater scenes and an adventure with an alligator give this some offbeat thrills. Robert Cummings, Terry Moore, and John Russell enter into the spirit of this family comedy with zest. (Columbia)

GOLDEN GIRL cleaves to the time-tested stencil for the tinted musicals, but does possess a certain appeal for adults who rarely tire of the formula. "Lotta Crabtree" is the inspiration for this excursion into the old West as it undoubtedly never was. Mitzi Gaynor is an attractive soubrette, Dale Robertson is properly robust, and Dennis Day brightens the scene considerably with his vocals and clowning. (20th Century-Fox)

The New Plays

Phil Silvers is called upon to interpret perpetual motion in **TOP BANANA**, a raucous musical comedy dedicated to the proposition that shouting and sound and fury are ac-



Charles Dickens' unforgettable characters reappear in the British-made screen version of "A Christmas Carol"

ceptable substitutes for good comedy. Silvers almost succeeds in convincing the audience, for his performance is always amusing and often hilarious. The book is a slightly veiled satire on the hectic career and brash personality of a comedian known to television audiences as Milton Berle. Once that has been established and a few jibes delivered at the expense of television itself, the show starts downhill. It reaches bottom in a dance scene lifted intact from the burlesque podiums. For the rest it is a melange of mediocre singing, dancing, and poor taste.

Overemphasis on suggestiveness also destroys much of the entertainment value in the month's second musical, *PAINT YOUR WAGON*. Written by the librettist and composer of *Brigadoon*, and with James Barton in the lead, this promises far more than it delivers. While the score is impressive and Barton does his familiar soft-shoe routine as well as ever, the show lacks imagination and pace. The story of a roisterous mining town during the California gold-rush days is further handicapped by an underscoring of libidinous dance routines. Olga San Juan and Tony Bavaar handle the romantic skein agreeably with "I Still See Elisa," "They Call the Wind Maria," and "Wandering Star" as highlights of the fine score. But liabilities outbalance the assets in this repetitious musical that never does strike pay dirt.

Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn are off on a bit of maudlin sentimentality in a two-character play entitled *THE FOUR-POSTER*. Actually it is a series of six playlets tied together with the tenuous thread provided by a married couple's trials, tribulations, and joys through the years. There is nothing unusual in the play or the dialogue, nor anything distinguished about the performance. It abounds in the familiar clichés that have by this time become quite boring.

BAREFOOT IN ATHENS is a pedestrian, unexciting Maxwell Anderson drama concerned with Socrates, his legendary devotion to democracy, and the parallel between his era and our own modern confusion. While this may—at first sound—be an admirable thesis for the hour, playwright Anderson falls far short of the mark and of his own previous standards. This "Socrates" might well have stepped out of a Shaw script, and Anderson just does not possess the casual

qualities, the wit, and the power of his Irish contemporary. Its appeal is directed mainly to those who accept discursive substitutes for real drama and full-dimensioned philosophy. The playing is also hampered by the plodding script and faltering direction. Barry Jones is a rather prosaic figure as "Socrates" and Lotte Lenya extracts nothing from the Anderson interpretation of "Xantippe."

Billed as the First Drama Quartette, Charles Boyer, Agnes Moorehead, Charles Laughton, and Cedric Hardwicke have been reviving their laggard careers through a group reading of Shaw's *DON JUAN IN HELL*. Even though there can be no compromising with Shaw's errant philosophy of life and death, there can be nothing but admiration for the brilliance of the interpretation. The Shavian concepts seem of secondary importance as these polished players read the lines with an absence of obvious acting, which is in itself performing of the highest order. We would find their appearance in another such endeavor a memorable event.

Playguide

FOR THE FAMILY: *Seventeen*; *Lace on Her Petticoat* (On Tour) *Peter Pan*

FOR ADULTS: *The King and I*; *Love and Let Love*; *A Sleep for Prisoners* (On Tour) *The Cocktail Party*; *Oklahoma*; *Darkness at Noon*

PARTLY OBJECTIONABLE: *Call Me Madam*; *South Pacific*; *Guys and Dolls*; *Affairs of State*; *Stalag 17*; *The Moon is Blue*; *Glad Tidings*; *Faithfully Yours*; *Remains to Be Seen*; *Music in the Air*; *Top Banana*; *Two on the Aisle*; *The Four Poster*; *Barefoot in Athens*; *The Number* (On Tour) *Black Chiffon*; *Autumn Garden*; *Death of a Salesman*; *Member of the Wedding*; *Kiss Me Kate*; *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*; *The Happy Time*

COMPLETELY OBJECTIONABLE: *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*; *Diamond Lil*; *Paint Your Wagon*; *Faithfully Yours* (On Tour) *Mister Roberts*; *Voice of the Turtle*; *Season in the Sun*

Designs ON TODAY'S WOMAN

In the women's and fashion magazines, man is seen in time only. This gives their words a frantic, immediate air. You must buy that deodorant *today!* Tomorrow you may die, or worse yet, the boss may marry the other girl

by MILTON LOMASK

FIVE years ago, Fawcett Publications Inc. found that its highbrow confession magazine, *Life Story*, was not doing well, so it turned it into a woman's magazine, renamed it *Today's Woman*, and set out to give the old-timers in the field a run for their money.

The four Fawcett brothers have been doing this sort of thing ever since they got their start peddling *Capt. Billy's Whiz Bang*, the company's first publication, on the streets of Minneapolis some thirty years ago. Their best-known magazine, *True Confessions*, did not appear until Macfadden had popularized this type of periodical three years before. When *Ballyhoo* flurried briefly in the thirties, the Fawcetts came out with an imitation called *Hooley*. When *Popular Mechanics* became popular, they countered with *Mechanix Illustrated*. The men's magazine *Esquire* was well established before they brought out *True*. And when the comic-book lovers swooned before Superman, the Fawcetts gave them Captain Marvel and, more recently, Captain Marvel Junior.

They are known as "the greatest seconds in the business," and it was no surprise to the trade when in 1946 they dipped into the lucrative till of the women's service field.

At this writing, things are going nicely. During its first two years, *Today's Woman* dropped two million dollars. It is now on the verge of showing a profit. Last year's gross advertising revenue was a little over a million and a half. This year's is heading toward two million. Circulation, starting at some 700,000, is now well over one million.

Like its old-line competitors, *Today's*

Woman provides its readers with a monthly avalanche of genteel criticism, suggestion, and counsel mostly aimed at bringing Junior up and Father's pay check down.

Like them, it keeps a running box score on the marriages, near-marriages, divorces, and preferences in toothpaste and hand lotion of the celebrated of Hollywood and points east.

Like them, it has its say on the state of the world, the miracles of medicine, the joys of "painless shopping," and the problems of grooming in a society where to be clean is not enough and only the "glorified" get invited to the big shindig on Saturday night.

The *Ladies' Home Journal* shows beautiful women on its covers. *Today's Woman* shows beautiful women on its covers, and such are the proscriptions of American fashion that February's woman is so like March's and March's so like April's that you are hard put to tell which cover girl has the Toni.

Like its old-line competitors, *Today's Woman* knows who its readers are. Their average age is 29, as compared with 35.3 for *Woman's Home Companion*, 35.4 for *Ladies' Home Journal*, and 36.7 for *McCall's*. Most of them bought a car last year. The average income of most of them is \$4000 a year. About 83 per cent have been to high school or better, and apparently all of them enjoy indoor plumbing.

Confronted with these facts, gleaned from a recent survey, Editor Geraldine E. Rhoads concludes that her readers "are deserving of all we editors can do to keep you entertained, informed, and pleased." Just why belonging to a group whose average age is twenty-nine, having a high-school diploma and a car

entitle people to this special consideration is one of the mysteries of the higher statistics.

A reader, giving full attention to *Today's Woman* for the first time, may feel that he has wandered into the bride's corner of the nearest department store. *Today's Woman* concentrates on the interests of women in the marriageable upper twenties. Articles concerning children deal almost exclusively with those of five years old or under. Featured are lengthy and often useful instructions on setting up a new home, budgeting money, obtaining proper medical attention, and cooking eggs. In the ceaseless search for new readers, the business department buys the dead subscription lists of the magazine *Seventeen* and the customer lists of maternity-item manufacturers.

Some *Today's Woman* fiction is run-of-the-mill magazine entertainment. Some has literary pretensions. Interestingly enough, the pure entertainment exudes the least desirable values.

Take a story of some years back. Brilliant young woman marries wealthy older man. Husband does not "speak her language," but he dotes on her, and for a time she is content in a placid, fur-lined sort of way. Enter brilliant young man who speaks her language. She leaves the husband for the younger man. Later she returns and asks the old duffer to take her back. Her reasons for doing so are revealed in the closing paragraph: With the older man who loves but doesn't understand her, she feels she has more freedom, more individuality, more "privacy." Love's love, but a girl can't waste her life on it. Nowhere in this account is there so much as a whisper of moral issues.



Distinguished by young-marriageable-female interests, guaranty seals, or supermarket distribution

Another yarn details the career of the young secretary. Her man-getting techniques are the scorn of her sister workers. As you might guess, she is the one who hooks the chiefest boss. The moral of the tale is in the title, "The Girl Who Didn't Crave Mink!"

Still another deals with the agonies (inner, but natch!) of a woman approaching the horrible age of forty. She wonders why she never got her man! She recalls affairs with four. Now all of them are lost to other women. Finally, she discovers her mistake: She is not demanding enough! The story is written with competence and exquisite pointlessness.

Most of the more literary tales stem from the "things are tough all over" school of writing. Major themes are frustration, violence, and self-pity. In parallel columns, the advertisers go right on promising paradise to the purchasers of the proper hair rinse and urging readers to dream they are ballet dancers, toredors, and lady editors in their Maidenform Bras!

Today's Woman gives forthright attention to some fundamentals of married life. The magazine makes some of these articles available in pamphlet reprints, and Service Department people at business headquarters in Greenwich, Conn., say they cannot keep up with the demand.

There are two pamphlets by Donald G. Cooley, *An Open Letter to Wives* and ditto "to Husbands." These deal with the most intimate aspects of married life. Mr. Cooley urges married people to understand and respect each other's emotional needs.

If he left it at that, his articles would make admirable horse sense. But he

goes a step farther and accepts the theory that practically all marital difficulties are rooted in sexual maladjustment. He says most students of the subject agree with him. As a matter of fact, many place a large question mark beside the idea. They are justifiably dubious of any theory which attempts to reduce all the varied phases of living to one phase of living. It is healthy at times to call a spade a spade. It is misleading, however, to ask readers to believe that really a spade is a pitchfork.

Another pamphlet is described as "a primer for ambitious wives." Title, *8 Ways To Help Him Get that Raise*. The author is Martin W. Schaul, industrial psychologist. Where Mr. Cooley in his "open letters" seeks to reduce man to mere animal, Mr. Schaul reduces him to mere pay check. Each pamphlet costs ten cents, so you pays your money and you takes your pick.

Another pamphlet is a reprint of an October, 1947 article "Where Do Babies Come From?" by Dr. Robert C. Eliot. This seeks to aid parents in imparting sex instruction to the very young child.

It is interesting to compare Dr. Eliot's points with those made in the many excellent Catholic expositions of this

subject. Catholic publications reflect the teachings of a number of Papal encyclicals and the words of the present Holy Father. Addressing an audience of Christian mothers in 1941, Pope Pius XII informed them that it is most certainly the duty of parents to give sex instruction to their children honestly, carefully, and without prudery. He warned against dishonest references to "the stork" and "the doctor's little black bag." The child's questions, said the Holy Father, should be answered without evasion. He should be given the facts as rapidly as he can absorb them.

With these points Dr. Eliot of *Today's Woman* agrees. With these points, too, he winds up. This is all he has to say. In the Catholic view, this is to do a lazy one-half of the job. The other half, according to the Holy Father and his predecessors, is to instruct the children in such a way that the emphasis is on the positive virtues of chastity and modesty.

Dr. Eliot's article extracts the subject from its spiritual setting and places it on a narrow biological basis. It assumes that giving the child a few facts will do the trick. This is naïve and dangerous. It is not enough to enlighten the child; he must also be armored

against a world where, as Clare Boothe Luce has observed, the Devil has achieved his ultimate goal, the illusion that he no longer exists.

Obviously it is all right to tell Junior and his sister that Tabby the cat has babies too. It is criminal to leave them with the impression, as Dr. Eliot's methods could, that they are like Tabby in other important respects. Tabby will never have to make a moral decision in her life. Junior and his sister will have to make many. How they are to do it, with nothing to go on but some biological data, is beyond comprehension.

FOR some reason, vaguely connected with advertising revenue, all women's magazines assume that there is nothing a woman hates more than doing a little work around the house. Drudgery is Private Enemy No. 1. It is to be combatted with all the "auto-magic" washers, all the concentrated juices, and all the self-defrosting ice-boxes the mind of manufacturer and the pen of advertiser can devise.

For illustration, turn to another old-line woman's magazine, William Randolph Hearst's *Good Housekeeping*. Writing in its columns in 1912, Thomas A. Edison predicted that thanks to electricity the American housewife would soon cease to be a "domestic laborer" and become a "domestic engineer."

Today *Good Housekeeping* is doing all it can to elevate domestic engineering to that state of "irreproachable idleness" which Tolstoy found to be the condition of peacetime army life.

Good Housekeeping has a circulation in excess of three million. It is a fat, glossy book, averaging about 320 three-column pages. Editorial headquarters are in one of the world's ugliest buildings, the home of Hearst Magazines Inc., on 57th St. and Eighth Ave., New York City. Editor is Herbert Raymond Mayes, who came to the magazine in 1937 after many years on various trade, business, and pictorial publications.

Good Housekeeping has never undergone the deepening process. It sticks to its recipes. Only one subject seems to exercise its contributors, namely, marriage. Two or more articles per issue are not uncommon.

In April, 1950, Helen Eustis dealt with the honeymoon. Her title, "Alone at Last!" Miss Eustis warned Susie that a honeymoon is not necessarily all strawberries and cream. It can be very upsetting. She defined marriage as "the most solemn partnership agreement that exists," consisting of a "president and vice-president."

In the same issue, Nina Warner Hooke discussed the "partnership" itself. According to Miss Hooke, mar-

riage, from the woman's angle, has only one drawback: One of the partners (presumably the vice-president) is always a man.

A man, to hear Miss Hooke tell it, is a dangerous thing to have around the house, especially to a woman who likes to keep her tableware intact. A man is untidy and has bad habits. In the middle of the night "with the surge of an Atlantic roller" he lunges over, "dragging all the bedclothes and leaving you exposed to the cold night air!" Lastly, Miss Hooke warns Susie not to believe what the deceitful creatures say during courtship. Denials notwithstanding, every last one of them "snores like a grampus!"

Everybody, of course, has heard of *Good Housekeeping's* Institute. It is the editorial department concerned with home engineering, beauty, medicine, and fashion. It is also the laboratories where commodities are tested.

About 1912, the Institute started issuing its commercial Oscars, the fa-



Last Request

► "I'll be perfectly frank with you," the surgeon said to the patient on the operating table. "This is a very dangerous operation, and four out of five fail to come through it. Now, before we begin, is there anything I can do for you?"

"Yes," replied the patient. "You can get me my clothes."

—Frank J. Myers

mous seals. Three types were bestowed on products which passed Institute tests. Certain items (mechanical appliances, cleaners, and the like) received seals indicating they had been "tested and approved." Others, such as foods, drugs, and cosmetics, received seals indicating they were "recommended."

Only products advertised in *Good Housekeeping* got the third type, the "guaranty" seal. Under the terms of this seal, *Good Housekeeping* stood behind the article as advertised, ready to make good any proven deficiency. By 1941 there were seals on 7,000 different products, only 30 per cent of which were ever advertised in *Good Housekeeping* itself.

From the beginning, the seals provoked *Sturm und Drang*. Some observers viewed them as the greatest boon to shopping womankind since the invention of the two-way stretch. Others insisted the seals were trained.

In 1939, the Federal Trade Commission haled *Good Housekeeping* into court. FTC charged that the "tested and approved" and "recommended" seals were misleading in that the public was under the impression the products were guaranteed when they were not. It also accused some industrialists of gross exaggeration in their ads.

Early in the trial a ham was placed on exhibit. In the heat of the courtroom it swelled, burst, and shortly smelled awful. What to do! Evidence cannot be destroyed while a trial is in process, and the hearings dragged on for twenty-one months!

The liberal, leftist weekly review, the *New Republic*, smelled something else. It noted that the daily press was not reporting the trial. At the same time, it charged, it was accepting the large institutional ads *Good Housekeeping* issued to corral public sympathy. From the other side, Richard E. Berlin, president of Hearst Magazines Inc., charged that the probe was Communist-inspired. Meanwhile, hundreds of jittery advertising executives sweated it out in their air-conditioned offices.

In the end, FTC handed down a cease and desist that did not alter anything radically. It ordered *Good Housekeeping* to be absolutely explicit about the meaning of all seals. In August, 1941, giving war conditions as its excuse, *Good Housekeeping* dropped everything but the guaranty seal, which still appears on products advertised in its own columns.

This woman's magazine business began, innocently enough, in Philadelphia in 1792 with the appearance of the *Lady's Magazine*, "an repository of entertaining knowledge." This was the first woman's magazine in the United States.

IN the *Lady's Magazine*, women were advised to mind their morals, memorize recipes, marry, have children, be a friend to man. They were advised against going into business, even into the business of writing for magazines. Lady authors were to be "more admired as writers than esteemed as woman." The *Lady's Magazine* came out semi-annually for two years.

In the next century, several women's and fashion periodicals got under way. Most came and went. A few stayed. In 1867, Fletcher Harper imported fourteen pages of a Berlin fashion magazine *Der Bazar* and started *Harper's Weekly*, later to become *Harper's Bazar*, with

one "a" in the second syllable, and still later—many years after its purchase by the late William Randolph Hearst in 1913—the same with two.

McCall's started in 1870, the *Woman's Home Companion* in 1873, *Good Housekeeping* in 1885, and *Vogue* in 1892. Before installing its first rural mailboxes in 1896, the government consulted the editors of the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Farm women, the government figured, would want mailboxes large enough to shelter their favorite magazine, then in its thirteenth year.

THESE publications still dominate the field. Others have come along of recent years. *Woman's Day* and *Family Circle*, both distributed through grocery stores, are forging ahead in terms of circulation. *Today's Woman*, less interested in numbers than in saturating the young-married market, has passed its first million. In the fashion branch, *Made-moiselle*, *Glamour*, and *Charm* are offering their readers the *Vogue* look on a budget basis.

It is only since 1932 that the new class of women's magazines distributed through grocery stores has appeared and flourished. The largest, *Woman's Day*, has a circulation of 3,750,000, and claims the eighth largest advertising revenue of all monthly magazines. It is published in seven sectional editions and sold through Atlantic and Pacific stores. There are no subscriptions. The publisher sells in bulk to store managers, who resell to shoppers at seven cents a copy.

The same procedure is used by *Family Circle*, second largest grocery magazine, with a circulation of two million. *Family Circle* also comes out monthly, in seventeen sectional editions, distributed through several grocery chains.

Examination of recent issues of these magazines reveals editorial content a notch or two above Hearst's higher housekeeping and *McCall's* deeper froth. The big grocery magazines seem to feel that an article which penetrates a millimeter or so beneath the surface of a contemporary problem will not necessarily throw Lizzy into a tizzy. They have an easy, unforced homespunness, which makes them nice magazines to have around a houseful of kids.

Lest the obvious be slighted, it is essential to add that these grocery magazines are primarily platforms for advertising and publicity. This does not distinguish them, of course, from their old-line competitors.

Indeed, familiarity breeds the conviction that the differences among the leading periodicals for women are trifling. Their similarities are great.

In the women's and fashion magazines, man is seen in time only. Never in infinity. It is this that gives their

words such a frantic, immediate air. You must buy that deodorant *today!* Tomorrow you may die, or worse yet, the boss may marry the other girl.

Feminism is still around. The word is used here in its most drastic sense. Of course women should have whatever rights are theirs by natural law. But feminism asks not merely equal rights with men, but identity with them! This attitude provokes some curious things. In a recent issue, for instance, one of the women's magazines published a little essay entitled "How to Infuriate Your Husband."

The heart of this article was a chart showing the daily chores a woman does for her man around the house, together with the wages she would receive for this activity if she didn't have the misfortune of being married to the bloke!

Just between us girls, this is good, clean fun, of course; but when this sort of thing crops up often, you begin to wonder: For whom are these magazines being published—for the women of America or for the barristers who specialize in divorce?

IN the perspective of women's magazines, marriage becomes a pretty formal and sterile affair. It is no sacrament. At best it is a rather high sort of arrangement: "A solemn business partnership" according to one periodical, "a useful social invention," in the words of another.

In the women's magazines God may propose, but man disposes, and human convenience is the guiding principle. Birth control, artificial insemination, divorce—all are matters of individual preference. So is planned parenthood in most of the magazines. In some it is carried higher. It is elevated to the status of a national or international policy, guaranteed to dissolve the ills of the world.

Wives are warned, above all, against commitment in marriage. They must not allow themselves to be swallowed up. They must retain their individuality, their freedom, at all costs. You can read these periodicals *ad infinitum* without suspecting that what makes marriage go 'round is not taking but giving, not egoism but self-sacrifice, not so much being loved as loving.

Child-rearing instructions are pretty much a matter of "just what book have you been reading lately." Time was the women's magazines urged mothers to provide good moral homes and character instruction. All that is fuddy-duddy now. Character is out. The stress is on personality, on adjustment to society, on getting along with people and keeping up with the Joneses.

In a negative way, the women's periodicals reflect the truth that modern man is a seeking man; and what he

is looking for is not in the advertising columns. This is reflected in the eagerness with which contributors seize on new philosophical fads. Now it is science that is going to install the millennium a week from Friday. Now it is secular education. Now some new political or social theory is going to do the trick.

Advertising and editorial matter are integrated with enormous skill. As a result the line between them, journalism's "life-line," fades away. In the ads practically anything goes. At least one women's magazine refuses liquor and cigarette advertising. None refuses ads containing exaggerated appeals to greed, fear, vanity and self-indulgence.

An interest in bras, girdles, and other garments is aroused with photographs on the level of army barracks pinups. Occasionally objections to this near-nudity, this exploitation of the feminine body, arise. They are met with a magic word: "Censorship!" Is it censorship to suggest that responsible publishers avoid giving occasions of sin? In sober truth, how much love of freedom motivates these advocates of untrammeled commercialism? One thing should be clear to every American in the light of recent world events: Freedom is jeopardized every time license and greed are advocated in its name!

FOR all their feminist chatter about womanly independence, women's magazines take care that the women of America remain dependent on *them!* This is the crux, the heartbeat, the fountainhead of their particular brand of philosophical materialism.

"Now, Susie," they chorus, "drop that hem!" And you can be sure a million Susies do. "Susie, you simply must have this little rayon suit," and a million Susies sleep no more till the suit is in the closet. It is vital to the women's magazines that this situation persist, that these designs succeed! At stake is 190 billion dollars a year—the estimated purchasing power of American women!

Among the tares, always of course, some wheat. Occasionally there is a thoughtful defense of human rights. Occasionally there is a profound, if somewhat too carefully segregated, discussion of real religion. Occasionally a hauntingly spiritual story appears among the tricks and trinkets of the fashion magazines. Occasionally the reader is permitted a glimpse of the fact that an irreligious generation, having sowed the wind, is now lonely and afraid before the whirlwind.

This is comforting. This is evidence, if any is needed, that "the Holy Ghost ordereth all things sweetly." Who knows through what unlikely media God woos the restless heart?

Pope Pius XII enthroned in Saint Peter's, surrounded by the Papal Court and the Diplomatic Corps.



The Holy Father and His Family

A look into the workings of the smallest of states, founded
to protect the freedom of religion for all nations and nationalities



With his usual long strides, the Pope takes his afternoon walk in the garden in strict solitude.



From eleven to two each day the Holy Father receives visitors that have come from all parts of the world.



Meeting of the Sacred Congregation of Rites. This is one of the twelve congregations assisting the Pope.



Symbolic of the various offices of the Pope are these mitres and tiaras. They are used on solemn occasions.



Members of the Pope's family include the Lords Chamberlain and the Commandant of the famed Swiss Guards.

A SIGN PICTURE ARTICLE



Advocates of the Consistorial Congr., which deals with new dioceses, etc.

● Though the Pope possesses supreme and absolute jurisdiction over the entire Church, it is humanly impossible for him to exercise this power in all details. As a result there are Curias, Congregations, Commissions, and other groups to whom the Pope delegates jurisdiction. Through past usage those enjoying this delegation are considered members of the "Pope's Family." The family consists of cardinals, bishops, priests, secular nobility, and others. The hierarchy of this family moves through countless offices and divisions.

The Pope's Family, ordinarily, resides in the sovereign state of Vatican City, which is a completely neutral power, founded on the principle of extranationality and enjoying all the privileges of a sovereign state including diplomatic immunity.

Despite its complexity, the smooth operation of the "out-sized family" is remarkable to behold. Though seventy-five years old, the Holy Father leads this group with almost indefatigable energy. We can offer here only a brief glimpse of the work accomplished at the State of Vatican City.



Prince Orsini, Throne Assistant, and his Aide also belong to the Family.



General Staff of the Noble Guards. The Guards, led by a Roman Prince, number seventy. They are all from noble families of old Papal States.

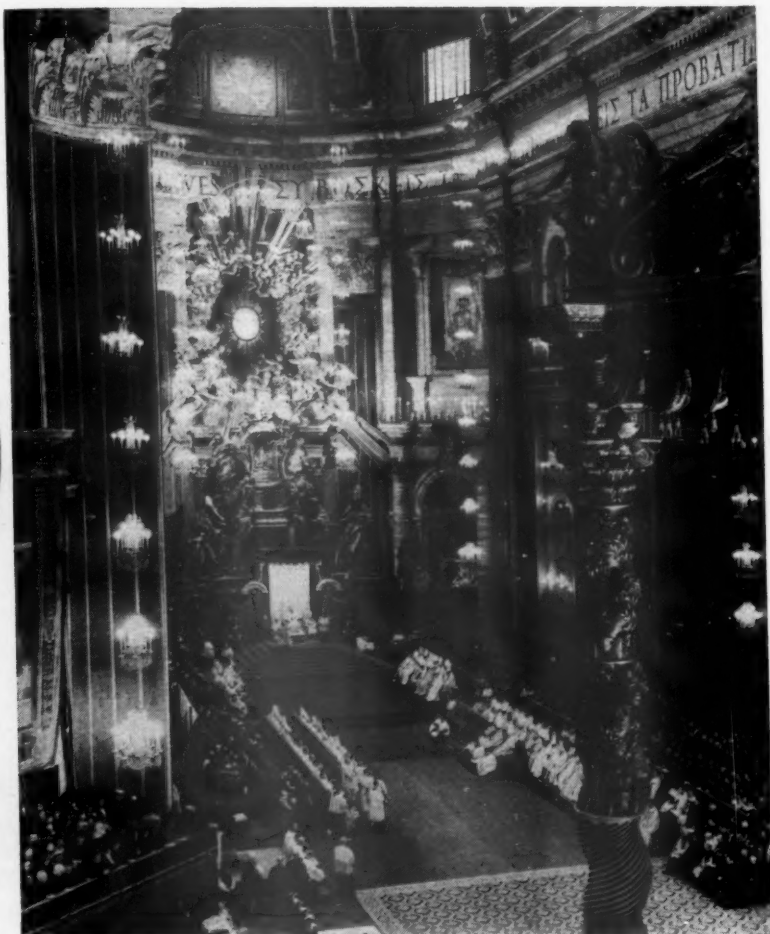


Correspondence of the "Family" with the rest of the world is tremendous. If all the tomes were laid end to end they would extend over ten miles!



Another important member of the Family is Monsignor Giovanni B. Montini, who fills the post of Undersecretary for Ordinary Affairs.

All the members of the Pope's Family, too numerous to mention, at an impressive ceremony held in the famed Basilica of St. Peter's.



A CHECK IN TIME

Like your business and your teeth, your marriage deserves a regular audit. Here is the method one couple used. It worked. But you must be perfectly honest. No hedging . . .

by ANN HALL MARSHALL



Lambert Studios

They balanced the connubial budget twice a year

TWICE a year, New Year's Day and the Fourth of July, my husband and I devote an evening to examining the current events of our marriage. We call this examination "Check-Up," and we go about it systematically and seriously. Important, too, we write our observations down black on white. No hedging, no vague conclusions, no rambling discourses allowed.

First we list the values of our marriage in order of declining importance. (After six years' experience, our check list is pretty standard, similar to the one which accompanies this article.) When we budget our income, we do not give top billing to seven-year-old Mary's allowance or first allot several dollars for car-washing. Rent, food, electricity, clothes, fuel, are the prime considerations.

At Check-Up we follow a comparable policy by listing the essentials of our marriage first and letting the little luxuries and ambitions trail along behind. With the picture thus clearly focused, we consider each item in its turn and *write down* our errors and our aims. Check-Up asks how are we doing? Do we perhaps have the right answer to the wrong ques-

tion? Are we in a rut, off the track, bogged down? How can we improve?

Catholic couples are fortunate in that they enter marriage with no basic confusion of principle. Mother Church affirms the sanctity of wedlock, specifies its purposes, functions, rewards. Sound, earnest advice is easily come by but, as every couple must discover, the rules are general, the marriage is particular. Check-Up is designed to span the gap.

I do not mean that our system of Check-Up was "designed" in a literal sense. It was not created whole on a drawing board but rather was patch-worked together out of our needs and desires, the uncertainty of the postwar years, the fact that our marriage had been risked in combat.

When Bob returned from Europe in October, 1945, we were tremendously grateful for his safety and the continuance of our marriage. "Until death do us part" had been an imminent possibility, emphasized by a Purple Heart among Bob's souvenirs. Nevertheless, we couldn't just sit around in a special lovers' vac-

uum, holding hands and being tremendously grateful, *ad infinitum*. Decisions must be made, the family provided for. In an effort to think clearly and decide prudently during that confused period of readjustment, Bob and I wrote down the basic principles, the important values of our marriage. That was the beginning of Check-Up. Since then, it has grown to a highly satisfactory system of marital auditing. We find that Check-Up now helps our partnership in four definite ways.

1. Check-Up locates the relative importance of what we want.

When Bob parted company with the Army, he wished to return to graduate school at Catholic University and study for his Ph.D. A highly impractical course to the children of this generation, for the Ph.D. would lead to college teaching and, as everyone knows, college professors never grow rich. Nevertheless it was what we wanted, and the G.I. Bill of Rights made it a possibility.

One immediate problem was the housing shortage, especially critical in Wash-

CHECK-UP

THE MARSHALLS

Religion	
Marriage and Sex	
Children	
Mental Development	
Health	
House	
Leisure	
Recreation	
Social Relations	
Mary Frances	
Donald Pat	
Margaret Ellen	
Little Ann Frances	
Relatives	
Friends	
Manners	
Conversation	
Correspondence	
Finances	
Insurance	
Car	
Ann's Writing	
Garden	

The Marshall's businesslike check list. Top priority to top values

ington, D.C. There was a handy solution. Little Mary and I were welcome to live in North Carolina with my folks or in Pennsylvania with Bob's family while Bob found a room on campus. We decided that graduate school wasn't worth another separation. Neither would we live in squalid, unhealthy quarters for the sake of a Ph.D. With those stipulations we began our search for a home. Several months' persistence located a unit in a Government Housing Project. It was inelegant but very adequate. The low rent was tailored to our low income.

We both hope for a large family, but we realized that babies would only complicate student living. Should we postpone babies, then, in favor of the degree? No, bundles-from-Heaven got top priority, and before Bob registered for his first semester back at graduate school in February, 1946, we were happily

aware that there was another child coming. In our three and a half years at the University, we had three babies, the first of whom died at birth.

On our completed check list, the degree stood higher than a car, fine housing, permanent waves, a phone, rugs on the floor, new clothes, steaks, etc. When our watches stopped, we stopped wearing watches. When haircuts advanced to one dollar per, we invested in electric clippers (\$10) and every two weeks for the next three years I crew-cut my husband's hair.

On the other hand, the Ph.D. did not take precedence over our religious duties, the happiness of our marriage, the little blessings-from-above, health, adequate housing and nutrition, a reasonable amount of leisure. (That leisure is a slippery item, hard to hang on to but well worth the effort.) After three

and a half years at it, with our goal in sight, this Hierarchy of Importance was put to the test when Check-Up of July '49 told us life was becoming difficult at our Housing Project. Our eldest was picking up ideas we did not approve. Our newest cramped our modest quarters. Rising prices had upset our delicate financial balance. It was time, we concluded, to put the Ph.D. on a part-time basis. We were reluctant to do so. The temptation was to bludgeon through and be done with it once and for all. To finish the job is admirable. Check-Up reminded us that it is more admirable not to betray one's basic principles.

BOB and I found an unexpected bonus accrued to our sacrifice of the many nonessentials. We like having a car, curtains at the windows, change jingling in our pockets. I recall all the groceries we hauled in Washington, by baby carriage and wagonload, from a supermarket a mile away, and I get a big charge still out of picking up the phone and ordering the groceries delivered. At the same time, Bob and I have learned beyond doubt that you can be happy without these little luxuries if you have troubled to retain the important values of your life intact.

We are surrounded these days by high-pressure advertising. Men, clever with words and pictures, keep telling us over and over that we should buy whatever they are trying to sell. We really need these lovely things. There's no end to it. Bob and I went through a large mail-order catalogue about a year ago and spotted over \$1000 worth of items we would be entirely justified in buying. We really do need a mixmaster, a steam-iron, a new toaster, floor covering for the children's big room, yard furniture, a reliable kitchen clock, and so on and on and on. We could have bought on time or borrowed to acquire these "necessary" things, but it is a basic tenet with us that it is more pleasant to do without than to worry about debts. Bob could have sought a spare-time job, but there would go the leisure we rate so highly and in which the family ties grow strong. So we didn't go off half-cocked to make an extra thousand and we find we have lived very happily this past year with only about 5 per cent of all those things we "needed."

2. Check-Up helps our marriage by applying basic principles to changing situations.

Marriage is a growth. As it grows it changes and the things which nourish and safeguard it must change too. One principle may animate many forms. Ruts are ruinous. For example, all authorities are agreed that outward signs of devotion increase the happiness of marriage.

Signs of devotion let us have then, but not stereotyped ones. At a Cana Conference, I once heard husbands advised to show their affection by taking candy home occasionally. Well, during courtship, a box of candy (on a slim college budget) indicated high regard. Right after marriage, with the Atlantic separating us, frequent letters from my husband, often written under difficult conditions, were the signs of love. Later, during student days, when Bob left his studying to give me a hand bathing the children, that was better far than bonbons. You can't always say it with candy.

MARRIAGE is permanent, certainly, but influences which bear upon it change constantly. Income varies, the husband and wife must live with relatives for a time or relatives with them, babies arrive and grow up, sickness comes, the military makes demands. Daddy's pocket money is diverted for pabulum and whooping cough shots when the babies arrive and later for school allowances, summer camp, and dentist bills. As the family grows larger and older recreational patterns alter drastically. Check-Up keeps the married couple alert to the need of changing their own habits and ideas to conform to the changing situation which is their marriage.

I am constantly surprised at the mad scramble for baby-sitters, someone, anyone to stay with the children while the young-married go out dancing or dining, to play bridge, or to the movies. Bob and I are as sociable as the next couple, but we recognize that a settling-down process normally begins with the coming of babies. Obviously, we are not free to go out with each other as we were during courtship or the early days of marriage. But we do not consider ourselves tied down. Rather we have *settled down* to new interests—ones which can be pursued at home. We enjoy certain radio programs; we have learned to develop and print our own snapshots; we are proud of our garden; Bob has a basement workshop which is both hobby and helpful; friends come in more often than we go out; during daylight saving months, we take the four children with us for brief early-evening visits. Guided by our semiannual Check-Up, we have developed a new recreational pattern which leaves neither room nor reason to regret the old.

Whether the demands of a premature infant are sufficient to keep Bob home from daily Mass, whether early pregnancy makes it a poor time to paint the guest-room, whether Mary should go to dancing school with the other little girls—these are petty questions, exclusive to the one marriage concerned. No book or

article or sermon, no Cana Conference or marriage clinic deals with them. Yet the questions affect family life, and to promote over-all happiness they must be decided by the mother and father in harmony with basic principles. It is good for Bob to attend daily Mass, but not if it means leaving an eighteen-months-old pattering half-dressed around a cold house while I nurse the new baby. It is good for Mary to gain poise and self-confidence from dancing lessons, but not if the monthly fee must be saved by ordering less milk.

A competent driver, anxious to reach his destination safely, stays alert to the turns and twists of the highway. The prudent couple, traveling the marital highway usually with passengers, peels a sharp eye for signs of "Dangerous stress ahead," "New situation under construction," "Slow," and even "Detour."

3. Check-Up provides a cool opportunity for airing grievances.

Certain members of our family are not particularly neat, and a famous household saying is, "A place for everything but try to find it." For complaints, however, we do have a definite place and we keep them there. Check-Up creates a mood that welcomes constructive criticism, encourages us to discuss and solve our problems.

The worst time to utter a complaint is when a straw has just broken your back. It is also the most natural time—unless you remember that you have a standing appointment to iron out grievances later.

In any household of small children, the half-hour preceding dinner in the evening is apt to be hectic. An article in a national woman's magazine once referred to this time as "hell hour." A sad description, but one which used to flash to my mind along about 5 P.M. in the busy months after the arrival of our fourth baby, as I endeavored to prepare dinner, set the table, nurse the baby, supervise the little children grown quarrelsome by late afternoon.

I COULDN'T seem to get the dinner hour in hand. Bob would arrive home several times a week to find the baby wailing, the dinner running late, the tots loudly playing tiger under the un-set table, the kitchen hot and me hotter. He would be tired and hungry. I would be exasperated. A ripe setting for charges and countercharges that could result in nothing but indigestion.

At such times, I am glad Check-Up has given us the habit of saving our complaints. About eight o'clock, with the children bathed and bedded, the dishes done, and having caught our second wind, we tackle the problem, whatever it is, with greater optimism.

In the case of the dinner hour, Bob

agreed I was snowed under. He promised to be in from college or down from his study or up from his workshop each evening promptly at five to lend a hand. I would give attention to menus that could be prepared partly in advance or in quantity to serve two days. Bob would burp the baby, see that the little children were cleaned up and quieted down before eating. Mary could set the table. An emergency shelf was established so that on emergency days we could substitute tomato juice cocktail for salad, store cookies for home-made cake. Nothing intricate about this program, but what an improvement it made in the dinner hour.

Of course I don't mean that you can discuss family problems only once every six months. The point is that Check-Up establishes a pattern for talking difficulties over calmly rather than carping and criticizing in the heat of temper.

4. Check-Up brings to our marriage a pleasing regularity as well as regular changes.

CHECK-UP provides a specific time for doing things we've vaguely been thinking we ought to do. Is it time to visit the dentist? Do the children need booster shots? Should we increase our health insurance to meet rising hospital costs? With two children able to join in, should we say the Rosary after dinner rather than before our own bedtime? Usually we jot down on a separate sheet the phone calls of inquiry, the appointments we want to make, the information we wish to acquire and consider. We put this on the kitchen clip board until each item has been crossed off.

These are the ways in which Check-Up helps our marriage. Helps, you will note, for the very fact that Check-Up is a semiannual occurrence shows that it does not eliminate problems from marriage. We recognize too that some situations cannot be resolved but must be borne with resignation to the Will of God. Inevitably, some things will turn out for worse instead of for better. Check-Up can help even here, whatever the difficulty, by increasing mutual understanding, sympathy, and encouragement.

We are told we can best avoid the Devil by remembering that he is always there. The "for worse" side of wedlock is likewise always a possibility. A marriage can go slipshod into misery. Bob and I hold that it is our responsibility and ours alone to orient the changing factors of our marriage, to maintain the serenity of the family, to keep our partnership unpocked by petty irritations. As the husband and wife, the father and mother, the ranking members of the concern, we feel it is our responsibility to check up.



● Fred Beggs is an employee of Public Service of New Jersey. In May, 1945, he read a little notice in the *Newark News* that veterans in the local hospitals requested pocket mirrors. With the assistance of a few girls at the office, he began collecting them, and in three months they gathered about twenty-five hundred mirrors. Mr. Beggs began visiting the hospitals, and besides the mirrors he carried along cigarettes. The veterans were extremely grateful, and he started visiting oftener. The employees at Public Service heard of his charitable work and began donating cartons of cigarettes and other gifts. Soon Mr. Beggs, who traveled to the hospital by way of three bus lines, couldn't carry his presents. The Red Cross immediately offered him a car. Since then, Mr. Beggs and his friends at Public Service have become the best benefactors of hospitalized veterans in the New York-New Jersey area.

Each Christmas, Mr. Beggs collects thousands of dollars worth of gifts, and this does not count the weekly offerings. Eleven hospitals in the area benefit from his charitable work, which now includes volunteer shows. (Below, Mr. Beggs is conducting one of the shows.) A small pocket mirror started this zealous Catholic layman on a career of charity, and he inspired twenty-two thousand fellow employees to join wholeheartedly with him!



— PEOPLE —



• **Monica L. Longfield**, of Madison, Wisconsin, was employed in the hospital equipment field for over twenty years. She served as official hostess to women visitors at the factory, which included hundreds of Catholic nuns from various parts of the country. After having met members of so many different Orders of hospital Sisters, Miss Longfield started a hobby of assembling a collection of authentically dressed nun dolls representing the fifty-five Orders serving Catholic hospitals in the United States and Canada. At present, she has boosted her collection to twenty-eight Orders. In assembling the nun dolls, Miss Longfield has compiled the information on each Order, where it was founded, and when they began their work in this country. The collection has been used with great success at vocation talks for young girls.

However, collecting dolls is just a minor item in the life of this zealous Catholic career woman. Outside of working hours, she dedicates almost her entire life to many branches of Catholic Action. She serves as chief librarian at St. Bernard's parish

library and lectures on books. She is the chairman of the book-selecting committee. For over five years, Miss Longfield has been a member of the diocesan board of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine and served as a chairman at the State-wide regional congress. Besides the regular monthly meetings, she is on hand for the seven regional meetings held in the State each year.

Recently, Miss Longfield was appointed to the committee on salacious literature, which follows the plan of the national organization of decent literature, in an effort to have only approved magazines, pocket books, and comics appear on the local newsstands. When asked how she can accomplish so much, Miss Longfield replied, "I don't require much sleep!" This inspiring Catholic lady gives proof to the adage: if you want something done, ask a busy person to do it.



The

by ALICE LAVERICK

ILLUSTRATED BY DOM LUPO


THE Monahans were late for the christening. As well as myself, for I was riding with them.

"So you go in for christenings, do you, Matt?" Tip Monahan said to me as we dashed up the plains of Kildare in our effort to make up for lost time.

"Not as a rule," said I, and Liz, his wife, giving him a poke, asked innocently enough if Kitty Fitzgerald was not godmother to the new babe.

"She is," said I.

At that, Tip put on still more speed, the madman, and we reached the house alive and whole only by God's mercy.



e Open door

When a man is in love, he gets romantic notions, and says foolish things. But Matt had gone a bit too far

And there was Kitty herself. Over by the window she was, pouring tea from a huge silver urn, the reflections from the sky on the lake outside spilling copper lights on her black hair. A burnishing for which her beauty had no need, I might add.

I took my turn at shaking the proud father by the hand, regretting with him our tardy arrival, after which I went upstairs to take a look at the new heir. A harrowing experience in itself, though both the nurse and the mother assured me that the child bore me no personal ill-will, in spite of the fierce faces and

threatening gestures the wee creature continued making at me.

I then returned downstairs, hastening by the few still lingering guests until I stood beside Kitty. To find, as ever, that Leo Daley had got ahead of me, confound his ubiquitousness.

There he was, gaping at the girl and saying, "You're looking very fit, Miss Fitzgerald." Which damnable faint praise will give you some notion of the kind of man he was.

Fit indeed. I myself would be hard put to it to think of a phrase worthy of conveying to you the glowing loveliness

of Kitty Fitzgerald. The sweetly surprised look in her dark eyes, the bewitching arch of her brow, the voice like muted Shandon bells. I'd be hard put to it, I say, but at worst I could do better than that parched speech of Daley's.

"I was here earlier in the day," he was telling her now. "There seemed to be no one about."

"Ah? Then we were all down at the church below," said Kitty, giving him an enchanting smile.

"But both gates and the door were wide open," said Daley, perplexed. "And a pair of dogs running in and out, so I was sure someone must be at home. I shouted once or twice, but had no answer at all."

"There'd be no one to answer," said Kitty tranquilly. "The lot of us went down to see my new nephew renounce the devil and his works. Even my sister, though, it did weary her quite a bit, poor darling."

Daley stared at her in consternation. "Am I to understand," said he, "that you all went off and left the door standing open?"

"To be sure. Why would we be shutting the door?"

Daley looked from her to the great sideboard loaded with the heavy family silver, to the rich, handsome ornaments on the chimney piece, and the grand old etchings on the wall. After which, muttering something under his breath, he went away with a slightly glazed look in his eye.

I SLIPPED into his place at once.

"Now," said I, "now that that blasted foreigner has taken himself off, maybe you'll see fit to be paying me some attention."

"Foreigner?" said she, and she raised her eyes. "Oh, it's you, Mr. O'Brien." Her voice was cool. "Would you like some tea?"

"I would. Fine and strong," I told her. "To take away the acrid taste Mr. Daley has left with me. No sugar at all. Just looking at you is enough to sweeten it for me, dark lovely woman of the teacups."

"Indeed? You're as extravagant as ever I see with the meaningless words."

"Meaningless, a *stoir*? Full of meaning, full to the brim." I took the tea. "And the strength of it will enable me to stay on this side of the table, let us hope, and not be leaping over to seize you and run off with you."

"Let us not only hope. Let us be sure." Her voice was still cool.

I leaned nearer to her, speaking low in her ear.

"Why not?" said I. "Let's the pair of us leave all this and go for a bit of duck shooting on the lake. What do you say?"



Surprise Ending

► The London fog was so thick you couldn't see your hand in front of your face. An old fellow was trying to find his way home but wasn't making much headway. At a corner he turned into a long, winding alley. After traveling along for some time, he was relieved when the stillness was broken by the sound of footsteps nearby.

"Can you tell me where I'm going?" he called out anxiously.

"Into the river," gasped a voice from the darkness. "I've just come out."

—Robert Hansen

She gave me a look.

"Can't you see, you great idiot, that I am acting hostess here for my sister?" said she. "Or have you no conception at all of the ordinary, plain, common social graces?"

I told her I would overlook the name calling. And I had no wish to labor the point, but she could see for herself that the last remnants of the gathering had either gone upstairs to take one farewell glance at the babe or down to the paddock with her brother-in-law.

"In any case, I have no intention of going duck shooting with you," she told me flatly. Then, glancing above my head, "Ah, Uncle James," warmly. "Dear heart, it's so nice to see you."

"And a most opportune moment for you to arrive," said I, making way for the old gentleman beside me.

"From whose point of view?" he asked, peering from one to the other of us with his shrewd little blue eyes.

"From my own," Kitty spoke up quickly. "This man is badgering me, Uncle James."

"Is that the truth now, Matt?" He sat down, carefully creasing his trouser leg, an immaculate old man, always clad in the best and erect as any major. "What's that you're pouring, Kitty a ruin? Not tea?"

"Tea, darling. Will you have some?" She lifted the silver urn again.

"God save us, girl, no. The bare mention of it makes me ill. Is that what you're choking down, poor lad?" He gave me a compassionate glance. "There's a spot of cheer back there in

the gun room, take my advice and make a run for it."

I thanked him for the favor and told him I'd be bearing it in mind. And Kitty reminded him that the Honorable Mary Margaret Toomey had been asking for him a while back.

"Was she, then?" He settled himself more firmly and took out his gold cigarette case. "Let her find me. You know, Matt, as a young lad I never made a habit of chasing the ladies." He struck a light. "So why should I now, at my age, go running after an over-dressed female who neighs like a horse?"

"Why, indeed?" said I.

"Confidentially," he added, "it's been my sad experience that if you give them a half nod they think you want to marry them. I'm not a marrying man, myself."

"I am," said I. "I'm thinking this minute of taking myself a wife."

He blinked at me thoughtfully through a smoke ring.

"Hm. Have you anyone in particular in mind? Or are you just glancing about at what's available?"

"He's glancing at what's not available, Uncle James," Kitty spoke up.

"I seem to have made a most unfortunate impression on your niece, sir," I said sadly. "I can't think why."

"Can't you?" said Kitty tartly. "Uncle James, dear, I'm a fair-minded person, wouldn't you say?"

"I would, niece dear."

"Now, it may be that I'm expecting too much," she went on. "But I've rather taken a fancy to living in a house of some sort after I'm wed. You know, with a roof and one thing and another."

"Seems reasonable enough." Uncle James cocked a keen look at myself.

"But this one, this lunatic beside you there." The look she gave me should have shriveled me and the chair I sat on. "This one tells me we have no need of a dwelling place. We should stroll under sunny skies, he says, taking shelter in the dewy hillsides, sniffing the salt air of the Kerry marshes, and lying under the stars—" She broke off, began fussing with the teacups.

UNCLE James cleared his throat, smoothed his snowy moustache.

"Like a pair of tinkers, heaven help us," she added bitterly.

"Ah, no, wandering minstrels, rather," said I.

"Ah—have you, now, Kitty my sweet," said Uncle James, "other offers?"

"You know well that I have," she told him. "Several. And one in particular, a fine gentleman, Uncle, who has a grand home in complete readiness for me."

"A gentleman? Oho," I laughed. "She's referring, if you don't mind, to that neat dummy, Leo Daley, who offers

her a home in the very heart of the city of Limerick, no less. A stuffy, dreary town house—"

"With a roof—" she flung at me.

"And a door," I flung back, "which will be kept closed and locked every night of its life. To protect the treasures—if any. To keep out the dogs—if any. Forgive me for being amused."

"I'll forgive you nothing, Mr. Matt O'Brien," furiously. "Nothing."

"Wait—wait now." Uncle James was rising, lifting his hand to stop the pair of us. "Let me get the straight of this. It all sounds very odd and most confusing. I'd better look into it. Come, Matt my boy, come with me. I'll get you something to drink and we'll have a bit of a talk." He broke off suddenly, uttered a smothered moan, and took me by the arm.

"This way, Matt. Hurry, lad. Kitty, I entreat you, keep her away, God bless you."

Coming down the stairs was the Honorable Mary Margaret, all teeth and furs and diamond breastpin, neighing pleasantly.

We barely reached the gun room in time to escape her. Uncle James closed the door and drew a sigh of relief.

"Now," said he, after he had got us nicely settled with a brace of good strong drinks. "Now get on with it. Will you tell me what the devil this is all about? Whatever possessed you to speak such confounded nonsense to the girl?"

I sipped the good whiskey and relaxed against the chair's deep back.

"Ah," said I sheepishly, "it was only that I'd been reading up a bit on the history. It was all fresh in my mind again. I was in the mood for some blazing oratory and was sounding off. I believe I did say something about the

Irish not needing any dwelling houses, that for centuries their homes were burnt all about them. They're used to not having roofs over their heads," said I. "My own great-grandfather was a bush master—"

"That would be your great-great-grandfather, I'm thinking," said Uncle. "But go on, go on. You said this to Kitty?"

"I did. There was a small gathering at Fitzgerald's—I forget who else was there. Let us be strong as they were strong, said I, inspired, I suppose, by the sound of my own voice and a few whiskies. Sure I was only talking. Until this Daley spoke up, taking issue with me. Then, of course, I had to defend my own words. I couldn't sit there calmly and let him sneer at me, could I?"

"And Kitty took it seriously?"

"She took it seriously. Well, to be truthful, I did have some notion of asking her to go for a walking trip on our honeymoon."

"A walking trip. Blessed saints of Ireland." Uncle James smote his forehead. "Matt, you're a lunatic."

"So I've been told, not too long ago. An idiot, also," said I.

"I'm an old bachelor," Uncle James eyed his empty glass gloomily, "but if I were interested in getting myself a wife—which, God be praised, is the furthest thing from my thoughts—but if I were, I say, I'd have sense enough to know that no woman wants to be courted in any such fashion."

I held my foolish tongue while he poured us each another stiff one. And while he went on telling me the likes and dislikes, the fancies and foibles of the fair sex.

Every woman, he maintained, wanted to get dressed in her best and get on the Holyhead boat, with all her friends

ALICE LAVERICK is a busy housewife and mother who occasionally finds time to write stories and articles. Her tales of Irish life have appeared frequently in *The Sign*.

and relatives waving an admiring, envious farewell. Cross to England, and up to London for a spree. Or even to Paris. "So they can boast about it forever thereafter," said he. "Every man's daughter of them would be content to settle down then and raise a family. Only they must have the glamorous bit of honeymoon first. But a walking trip. God save us, you'd hate it yourself. The rain trickling in your ear and down your neck. Ah, Matt, Matt."

He shook his head again. He was an old man now, he said, liking his comfort. But even in his younger days, when he was something of a sportsman—I may have heard that he rode with the Sligo pack for some years?

I had.

"Even then," said he, "at the end of a long day's run, one of the best parts was the getting home to shelter, to a tasty supper, a stretch out beside the good turf fire in the chimney place."

I WAS still wordless, listening, feeling more and more of a fool.

"Now," said he, "didn't you inherit the house down there at Ballymogh? The fine ancestral home with no signs whatever of any burnings?"

"I did," said I.

"And part of the dairy, too?"

"Half," I told him. "My brother Kevin has the other half."

"Hm. A good living?"

"Good enough."

"Well, now Matt, if you feel you must get yourself a wife, my niece is the best choice you can make for yourself. Having had a hand in it, I feel somewhat responsible. The girl might not have known you, had it not been for my making the introduction that day at Punchestown."

"It was a lucky day for me, sir," said I.

"Ah? Did you pick a winner that day, Matt?"

"In a manner of speaking. No, no I lost heavily on the horses. But didn't I meet Kitty? I was referring to meeting Kitty."

"Hm," dryly. "I'm afraid you're a lost man to the cause of bachelorhood. Well, that being the case and since you're bound you'll thrust your head in a noose, come along, we'll go back to Kitty and see what's to be done."

He rose, and I followed him meekly. Back to Kitty.

She was there by the chimney place with the Monahans, who were still loitering on my account.

"Here he is now," said Liz, rising.



"I lost heavily on the horses. But didn't I meet Kitty?"

"We must be off, Matt. We're the last. Everyone else has left."

"Including the Honorable Mary Margaret," said Kitty, looking at her uncle meaningly.

"Ah, what a shame. I never did get to see her," said the old hypocrite.

"Never mind, she left you a message." Kitty's eyes were glinting. "She said to be sure and tell Jimmy her heart was split at not seeing him. He's such a pet, she said."

UNCLE James clutched the chair back, looking stricken.

"A pet," he repeated in a half whisper. "A pet. Holy Saint Kevin."

"Yes, Jimmy, my pet," said his niece sweetly. At which he looked completely outraged.

"Well, what do you say, Matt, boyo?" Tip was starting for the door.

"Wait a minute." Uncle James had recovered himself. "Wait now, Tip. If you don't mind, I've a bit of business with Matt here. I'd like him to stay the night with me."

"Sure, sure," Tip said. "Well, Matt lad, good-by. Is there anything? Would you want us to send your Rolls on down to you tomorrow? It should be fixed by then surely and Kelty'd welcome the chance to get his hands on the wheel."

"Fine. Fine," said I, not looking at Kitty. "If Kelty'd be so obliging."

"And we'll keep an eye on the carpenters and workmen, too," said Liz, gaily. "We'll see that they do a good job on the house."

"The workmen need no one to watch over them." Tip winked at me. "Liz knows that as well as myself. It's only that she likes to go over and see what's doing."

"Ah, you should see the way he's fixing the place up, Miss Fitzgerald," said Liz. "It always was a grand place, to be sure."

"Best country house in Kildare, I always said," Tip declared. "Well, Matt," giving me a whack on the shoulder, "we'll be off."

"I'll see you to the car," said Uncle James. "Stay here, the pair of you," to Kitty and myself, who were standing like two stones. "I'll be back."

And so he left us. Myself and the girl whom I dared not glance at. Who was probably in such a towering rage at me by this time that any moment she might haul off and hit me with the fire tongs.

I stared into the fire. Where she was looking I did not know.

There was silence. Thick silence, and then she spoke.

"So," said she softly. "You've a fine ancestral place in Ballymogh, Mr. O'Brien?"

"Listen to me, Kitty." I faced her then. "I entreat you to let me tell you how it was."

"No, listen to me," she flashed back at me. "Why were you going to let me marry Leo Daley? Tell me that. Go on, tell me."

"Let you marry Daley? Darling girl, before I'd let you marry that, that—whelp—I'd choke the living daylight

out of him. Let you marry Daley? Never in God's world."

"Then will you kindly explain to me why all the lies and mystery?" Her eyes were black flames in her face.

"Ah, it was some kind of a brain storm I had about taking you on a walking trip. Nothing but talk, believe me, a ruin."

"Ah? And some notion of wanting me to love you, be you vagabond or king? Is that it?"

"Something like that," I muttered wretchedly.

"Well, a romantic soul, aren't you, Mr. O'Brien?" But her eyes had softened, for some reason.

At this point, I was spared, like many another better man before me, by the sound of the bell.

The telephone bell, this time.

THE fact that it was for myself was only slightly less surprising than the message itself.

"What is it? Bad news, Matt?" Kitty wanted to know as I rang off.

"Well, disturbing at any rate," said I, wondering if she knew she had called me Matt. "It seems my home has been burglarized."

"Oh, Matt," distress in her eyes. "What a shame, what a dreadful shame. What was taken? Much that was valuable?"

"Well, now, that's the mystifying part of it," I told her. "All the treasures were overlooked. According to my old housekeeper, she is missing two large hams, a bowl of eggs, some sausage, and several quarts of milk."

"Ah-h-h." Her eyes were wide. "Some poor hungry souls on a walking trip. Wouldn't you say so, Matt?"

"It would seem so," I told her, not daring to say too much, afraid of breaking the spell of her kindness.

She came close to me.

"Matt, dar—rling," her voice feather-soft in my ear, "when we go on our walking trip, maybe we had best lock the door. What do you think?"

I could not think at all. How could I, and she so close to me? Except to say we'd not like to have anyone starve on our very doorstep.

I had one last moment of common sense.

"We'll go on no walking trip," I told her firmly. "But to London." And then, slightly delirious, "And to Paris, also, if you'd like, sweetheart."

"Matt—oh, Matt, treasure."

As I took her in my arms, I had a vague glimpse through the darkening window of Uncle James' magnificent white head going toward the stables. Then I forgot him.

I would be hard put to it to convey to you the loveliness of Kitty O'Brien. Ah, but I told you that once, didn't I?

MASS ON THE TANK DECK

by JOSEPH FRANCIS MURPHY

*The Sunday sun flowed through the beach-head doors,
A space was cleared for where the Mass was said,
I felt the humble pride that faith restores
In tears held back while sore contrition bled.*

*I knew that God was there among the tanks,
The oiled machinery was cold and dumb.
The officers and men from all the ranks
Were counted equally on God's great thumb.*

*His church of gold and incense, choired might,
Shone martyr-like amidst the oil and rags.
The altar cloth was hymnal in its white
As pride surrendered all its gaudy flags.*

*The chalice, like the resurrection sun,
Stirred deep the peace that fills the soul of man.
One tear escaped me, and I let it run
To spill the cup of joy the Mass began.*



Wesley Addy and Robert Webber in CBS series, "Out There"

Radio and TELEVISION

by
DOROTHY KLOCK

Out There

The appeal of the stars and the infinite space around them is not new to man. Both astronomers and astrologers have been with us for a long, long time. Part of the tremendous pull which the contemplation of outer space has on the imagination goes back much farther than the science-fiction magazines we find now on the corner newsstand.

With radio, and more recently with television, science-fiction has made a forced entry into practically every home in the land. And it looks as though it is here to stay!

Some time ago, these columns took a look at the radio science-fiction programs, *Dimension X* and *2000 Plus*, both of which were meant as much if not more for adults than they were for juniors. And now along comes *Out There*, a science-fiction television series about the goings-on in outer space, meant specifically for adults (and Junior won't get hurt if he looks too).

Outer space is a pretty big playground in which to let an imaginative television director romp, with all the camera and projection room tricks now at his dis-

posal. In *Out There*, Directors Byron Paul and Andrew McCullough are making the most of their opportunities. In this program, however, the limitations of the television receiver and screen, as they now are, seem more apparent than in most other TV series. When the story wafts us down through the nothingness of one hundred miles off the earth's surface, the cameras, the lights, the special effects, the tricks of superimposition—all are combined to produce a successfully eerie effect. But the fact of the matter is that one misses desperately the size and depth of the motion picture screen and the subtle values of light and shadow, hardness and softness, and the other qualities which give reality to that which is never really real because thus far, it is beyond the realm of experience.

Out There tells a story each week, of course. Some of the stories make little sense and others a good deal. The opening program, based on Graham Doar's short story, "The Outer Limit," put the thinking cap on its viewers. The Intergalactic Council, rulers of the outer world, is alarmed over the suicidal

Wars of the earthmen and their new development of atomic weapons. All this is past history to them and they have achieved, after much effort, a state of interplanetary peace. They capture the pilot of a rocketship from earth and eventually let him return to carry their message of warning. Another program dealt with the superhuman task of moving an asteroid to a position between Earth and Mars as a landing rescue station for space ships. (Careful now, Mom, if you're reading this! It may not be as far away as you think!)

By and large, the acting has been good and the production smooth. There are so many moments of breathless, silent tension on each program that you wonder when the leads ever get around to normal digestion again. One thing is pretty sure. If you put the supper teakettle on just as you tune in *Out There* on a Sunday evening, the whistling spout probably isn't going to make a dent in your consciousness as you watch. At any age, and regardless of the sex of the viewer, outer space is an alluring business. Could it be, perhaps, because there's so much of it? Or perhaps, as is true of the feminine mind, it's fascinating because so little is known of it! (CBS-TV, Sunday, 6:00 P.M., E.S.T.)

Station KPFA—Rare Indeed!

Here, without comment, is the story of an FM radio station out in Berkeley, California. As you read, perhaps you would like to form an answer to this question: Could we use a KPFA in our community?

KPFA, at 104.5 megacycles, serves the San Francisco Bay area, and it is true that probably only 25 per cent of the FM receiver owners in that area are aware of its existence. However, to the listeners it has, it is highly treasured because this is a listener-sponsored radio station, devoted to the principle of creative broadcasting.

At present, KPFA is trying to build its subscribers' list to 4,000, the number needed for self-support. Each subscriber contributes ten dollars a year, and KPFA frankly admits that it has only half the subscribers it needs if it is to go on.

Here is the station's philosophy. Whenever true communication between people takes place—a true exchange of ideas and beliefs—each of those communicating must speak as himself, whether poet, dramatist, musician, teacher, political thinker, or average layman. Where there is communication via radio or television, it takes place between the broadcaster and the listener, and of these two it is the broadcaster who determines to a very great extent the quality of the communica-



New Man

by WALTER FARRELL, O. P.

THE new is unspoiled, rich in promises; it guarantees surprise and issues a demand for wonder and delight. This is so true that even the illusion of newness fascinates us: a world made new by a snowfall, a corner to be turned, a door to be opened, a calendar's last page to be turned.

Back of this fascination with the new is our yearning for the eternally surprising Infinite that is eternally young. This is one of the reasons why it can be said, with such solid support in fact, that man is "naturally Catholic"; for by living faith a man is made new.

This renewal by faith is not only a matter of redemption and restoration; it is a kind of creation whose product is unrecognizable from the lonely exiles of Eden. The man of living faith is a man risen from the tomb of sin, a new man: new in his value, in his equipment for living, in the help he has at hand, in the accomplishments of his days.

His faith shows him his soul equipped with divinely infused life and supernatural capacities that put the stars within his reach; never again will he waver before the towering goals of God. To his hand, against his weakness and the diabolic powers that beset his path, he has help beyond the dreams of fearful men: a flow of grace to make the actions that issue from his hands more than human; the bright intellect and instant power of an angel at his side; a sacrifice whose victim is divine; and a sacramental efficacy that continues, and immerses him in, the life of Mary's Son.

Never again will he shrink in cowardice from the demands of man's uplifted humanity. Day by day, hour by hour, he knows by his faith that the least of his routine acts rings out in eternity with a valid claim to a life that never ends.

It is fitting that this new man look out on horizons that shrink the boundaries of the world to a prison cell. By his faith, he looks out over the expanses of eternity; his mind, with his heart at its heels, plunges into the boundless perfection of the infinite God.

This new man of faith sees more

deeply, with more profound intimacy, than is given to any but God to see. His faith takes his mind, with his heart hardly a step behind, into the womb of the Virgin, into the privacy of the cave at Bethlehem, into the family circle of Nazareth, and into the workshop of the carpenter and his Son; indeed, into the very hearts of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, to know surely what things were pondered there.

In his newness, the man of faith sees far, deep, and high—as high as the demands of love, higher than the hill of Calvary, as high as the height of the Cross. It is his right to sit down at that sad Cenacle meal and take as his the living souvenir of body and blood, to claim his share of the moonlit agony; he belongs before the Sanhedrin and Pilate's judgment seat; his shoulders have a right to the Cross and his heart a welcome for the lance that opens it, with Christ's, to all the world.

The glory of Easter morning is the new man's for the taking; he too feels the nostalgic pangs of the Apostles on the mount of the Ascension; the fire of Pentecost inflames his heart; and the sacramental veils of the Eucharist yield easily to the touch of his faith.

The very world the man of faith inhabits is a changed world, a new world. The perfection of its design, the complete harmony of its every detail is more than the genius of a divine architect; it is the invitation of a divine lover. It contains no mysteries, no conflicts, no problems, no hardships that are not easily solved by faith's revelation of a provident Father, omnipotently wise, guiding His children home. The men of that world, the least of them, are men purchased by the blood of Christ and moving to glory on divinely given wings. All that world whispers its hints of the beauty of God and offers itself as the occasion of divine life's growth in men. Here is newness, of man himself, of his horizons, and of his world, that is newer by the day; a newness that cannot be exhausted by familiarity, not satiating in its richness, never so fully possessed as to leave a man empty-handed.

tion. Therefore, it is his responsibility to keep that quality as high as possible by minimizing as much as possible the pressures from without which would affect its integrity.

KPFA feels that in discussion programs on most radio stations, and on most television stations too for that matter, all those participating in the discussions tend to say what will keep them anonymous. There is in many discussion programs a "third presence" which acts as an agent of restraint, mistrust, and fear, and it is the elimination of this "third presence" in broadcasting that KPFA sets as its goal. The station has the advantage of being responsible only to its *listeners*, not to those who pay commercial sponsor's fees for what is being listened to.

As to programs, its aim is simple—and yet it offers a range almost without horizon. "We try to concentrate on good programs that can't be heard elsewhere." That is the KPFA *Bulletin's* modest statement. And here are the results.

There are music programs of many kinds—classical music (to be expected, of course), informal song programs for the whole family, "Golden Voices" bringing listeners recordings from the best of opera's past. Then there are live studio concert presentations of short operas and programs of early American music.

For young and very young listeners, there are programs based on rhymes and counting-games. There's a story program, of course, and folk songs for children, and legends and fables.

On the serious discussion side, there are *Conversations at KPFA*, on such topics as the assimilation of the American Indian, juvenile delinquency and the courts, and the true meaning of the phrase, "equality before the law." A series called *Responsibilities* enlightens listeners about areas of critical human need throughout the world. *Men and Issues* is an interview program. A typical KPFA discussion question? "What should a theater be?"

For those who love the spoken word, there are poetry reading programs, readings of famous short stories, and readings from essays on American social and political life.

And, if you like, you may have a radio lesson in conversational French.

Or perhaps you would prefer a reasoned look at that most fascinating of subjects, "The Psychology of Modern Man."

KPFA remembers that there is a minority audience with special interests which is a vital part of the American broadcasting picture.

Could you use a KPFA in your neighborhood?

Dreams Become Realities



• When Charles V. Martignoni returned from World War II, he had years of experience directing audio-visual productions for the Armed Forces. He knew the effectiveness of this medium; how soldiers were quick to learn the lessons of waging war when they not only heard but saw the instructions. He determined to use this medium for the benefit of the Church. Although he has been in business for five years, his dream has already become a reality. Catholic Visual Education films from the workshop in Greenwich Village are now viewed all over the world.

The *Life of Saint Anthony*, of Mother Seton, the story of *Our Lady of Perpetual Help*, as well as Bible Stories, *The Sacrifice of the Mass*, and *How to Serve at Mass* are among the many features presented by the company. Though the demonstrators are care-



1. Down in Greenwich Village, young and old pause to look at Catholic Visual Education displays.

2. Mr. Martignoni and Mother Provincial of the Filippini Sisters talk over a new production.

ful to stress that audio-visual aids can not take the place of good teaching, their work has proven itself as far as making vivid and permanent the practical applications of religious instruction. The children not only hear but see before them the lessons of their faith. As one child said: "I think the new method is best because it helped me to come closer to God."

Testimonies like the above pour in from all over the world from children as well as teachers. It is not difficult to imagine the reaction of children when Sister announces that she is going to show pictures right in the classroom! There is no worry about gaining the child's attention when interesting and educational pictures are presented. Learning the truths of faith becomes a joy.



3. Editorial Dir. Paul O'Brien (with script) discusses the plot of a new film story with the staff.



4. Illustrators Toni Walker and Vincent Colabella work over pictures to be used in the new project.



7. Salesman John Peters sets out early with film equipment for a demonstration at Catholic schools.



8. Confraternity Director of New York, Msgr. Charles Walsh, a good friend of CVE, looks at new film story.



11. Teaching Sisters listen as a staff member gives a demonstration on use of audio-visual productions.



12. The finished product finds an attentive audience. Some of the best comments are received from children.



5. Staff artist Elzia Moon poses for a new film-strip. Each new story requires extensive research.



6. Charles Martignoni, founder of CVE, shown with his father, Alex, head of Vatican City Religious Book Co.



9. Rev. Michael Quinn, Confraternity Director in Brooklyn, records narration of *Saints and Sanctity*.



10. Members of staff, seen from control room, record the new production: *Fifteen Mysteries of the Rosary*.



13. CVE produces motion pictures to suit budget of the schools. Above, *Inside the Vatican* is shown.



14. Press representatives, priests, and Sisters comment after seeing preview of film, *Inside the Vatican*.

Do Mixed Marriages Work?

by BETTY FARRIER

"HOW soon till you lose your faith?" This blunt question, posed by my sister in a smart-aleck way, made me think about what life really is like, married to a non-Catholic. Before my marriage I had been counseled against it because of what it might do to my faith. But no one told me *exactly* what it would do. I had been warned of the dangers of birth control, divorce, missing Mass on Sundays. These problems my fiancé and I had, I thought, solved easily. We would use rhythm to space our children, he was as opposed to divorce as I, and he promised to attend Mass with me regularly. Ours was to be the perfect mixed marriage.

But there is no perfect marriage, much less a perfect mixed marriage. What, for instance, happens to the young bride who has made a habit of saying the nightly rosary? How does she meet the irritation of a husband who has no time for prayer? What becomes of their resolution to use self-denial when the husband was brought up in a religion which preaches no self-denial? What if the husband reverts to his non-Catholic logic and refuses to see the difference between rhythm and artificial birth control.

And if a child is conceived, is it an occasion of happiness as in the Catholic family? No, your elation is met with a "Well, you should have been more careful" from your in-laws and you are informed how their daughter waited a "decent" length of time. You are then advised of the latest methods of birth control which they fully expect you to use after this first "mistake" is born. Now, it is not just a matter between yourself and your husband but a matter of concern to your in-laws, who insist your productivity will interfere with your husband's career. Naturally, when your second child arrives shortly after your first, the child and you are completely ignored by "his side" and birth control again becomes an issue.

What happens to your husband's promise to attend Mass? It has long since surrendered in favor of sleep. Now the children furnish the perfect excuse for staying at home.

Even the selection of a doctor and hospital can become a question of re-

ligion. Naturally, the Catholic mother feels more secure with a Catholic physician and in a Catholic hospital, but the non-Catholic husband just as naturally feels that his family's physician and their hospital are just as good. Particularly if they happen to be cheaper or are better equipped.

Abortion is regarded as intrinsically evil by Catholics, but not by many non-Catholics. Should you become seriously ill in pregnancy, your husband will probably insist upon one and may bring in a non-Catholic physician who will advise it. When you refuse, you jeopardize any sympathy you might have received from your husband during your illness.

At some time during pregnancy, every woman considers the possibility of death—her own or the infant's. For the first time, it occurs to you that you and your husband haven't a common grave plot. Who wins when he prefers his family's cemetery and you prefer your Catholic one?

With the birth of children comes the problem of schools. Your husband had promised to raise the children as Catholics. But, unaccountably, the thought of nuns teaching his son suddenly becomes repugnant to him. He begins talking about *his* schools and *his* university for *his* children.

With the arrival of children, it becomes difficult to go to Confession if a baby sitter is not available and your husband considers your soul less important than his golf game. Mention of attending Sunday evening devotions during Lent is met with, "You've been to church once today. That ought to be enough for anybody." And what about Ash Wednesday, Good Friday, etc.?

CHRISTMAS Eve, instead of being the advent of Christ's birth, is the time for drinks and presents, and your desire to take your husband to midnight Mass is regarded as "breaking up the party." Christmas morning you are expected to help with the elaborate preparations for dinner, and an hour at church would be unthought of.

Eating becomes a recurring crisis when meat is deliberately served on

Fridays that you spend with your in-laws. Your constant refusal is ridiculed with, "Can't you pretend it's Saturday," when by now they are fully aware of the laws of your Church. What effect will this attitude have upon your children?

How will you train your children to Catholic ideals when, at their grandparents' house, they notice an amused acceptance of a youth's "wild oats," when birth control, divorce, and "affairs" are the headlines of dinner-table conversation and drunken behavior is considered no sin?

WILL you be able to control their friendships? Contact with their cousins' friends may be religiously or morally unsuitable. Will they keep company with non-Catholics as you did? How can you forbid them?

Can you permit the children to go alone to visit their grandparents for several weeks in the summer, as your husband insists? What will be the result of a concentrated adult barrage against their religion?

What of objectionable books? Your husband does not recognize the authority of the Church. Will such books fall into your children's hands? What about risqué magazines, vulgar jokes, forbidden movies, night clubs with "sophisticated" entertainment? How will you keep these from your children when they have your husband's approval?

What will you say when your husband's relatives advise him never to become a Catholic and make jokes about "those bell-ringing affairs?" If your husband has not completed instructions before your marriage, he will suddenly become too busy to take them afterward. Next year, and next year, and next year will be the theme.

These things you did not think of before marriage, because you never talked frankly to the Catholic party to a mixed marriage. Yet, added to the natural irritations of marriage, they contribute an atmosphere of dissension which cannot be resolved and is inevitably met with your husband's complacent, "Well, if you don't like it, get a divorce."!!

THE *Sign* POST

by ALOYSIUS McDONOUGH, C.P.

Little Christmas

Why is January 6 known as Little Christmas?—S. K.,
SAN DIEGO, CALIF.

The feast day observed on January 6 is referred to as Twelfth-day or Twelfth-night, for the reason that it used to mark the closure of Christmas festivities. For the same reason it is called Little Christmas; also, because the event commemorated emphasizes the introduction of the Gentiles to the Christ Child. January 6 is most correctly known as the feast of the Epiphany—a term that signifies “manifestation.” In the Divine Office and Mass of Epiphany, there is also a commemoration of the baptism of Christ and of the water-to-wine miracle of Cana.

The Magi, who journeyed to Jerusalem and then on to Bethlehem, were neither kings nor magicians; they were, as they are called, “wise men”—versed in astronomy or medicine or in both; not improbably, they were priests, either Medes or Persians and disciples of Zoroaster. Their names are uncertain, as well as their number, although three gifts are recorded—gold, frankincense, and myrrh. In all probability, the Christ Child was about two years of age when the Magi arrived, for Herod’s pogrom included all male children of that age.

Baptism by a Mute

In case of emergency, could a mute person baptize?—
N. F., NEWARK, N. J.

No. The proper administration of a sacrament requires not only a fit subject, a competent minister, and a right intention, but also a valid matter and form rightly imparted. A mute is barred from the reception of Holy Orders for the very reason that he would be incapable of voicing the sacramental forms. For the same reason, a mute is incapable of functioning as an extraordinary minister of baptism.

It cannot be alleged that the vocal aspirations of a mute might be verifiable by a scientific device, such as radar or some other means of detecting and amplifying sound. It is characteristic of the sacraments that their external features be perceivable—that is, visible, audible, tangible—in a normally human way. However, in emergency circumstances, and assuming that no certainly competent person is available, a mute who is capable of at least some whispered vocalization could and should do his best to impart the sacrament validly.

Eisenhower

Please answer a much-disputed question—is General Eisenhower a Roman Catholic?—T. M., HOT SPRINGS, N. M.

We doubt that there is much room for dispute. Dwight David Eisenhower is not listed in *The American Catholic Who’s Who*. And—were he a Roman Catholic, he would

not be considered promising as “presidential timber;” as a presidential candidate, he would be foredoomed to his first defeat.

Faith—Human or Divine?

Since a chain is only as strong as its weakest link, how can faith be any better than just human? You Catholics believe in a trinity of divine Persons, in the Eucharistic Real Presence, and so on, because—you claim—Christ taught these things as truths. But you accept Christ as reliable because of arguments that appeal to human reason. So, it looks as though the rock-bottom reason for your Catholic faith is only human—yet you boast of a divine faith.—S. S., APO, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

The credentials of Christ, who presented Himself to men as a divine Legate, are often called divine signs or arguments. Among many credentials, physical miracles and the intellectual miracles known as prophecies are the most popular, for they appeal to human reason in such a way, as the Vatican Council has it, as to be “accommodated to the intelligence of all men.” Miraculous wonders exemplify both a divine causality, and—because of their connection with the teaching of Christ—a divine approval. Thus the reliability or authority of Christ is established—by divine endorsements, humanly recognizable.

To use your own figure of speech—so much for the one chain. However, there are two chains involved which, although related, are distinct one from the other. Human reason can and does establish the reliability of Christ. But it is His divine reliability which is the basis for our faith—not the arguments whereby we come to recognize His reliability. The basis or motive for Catholic faith in the Trinity, the Blessed Sacrament, and so on, has two ingredients—divine knowledge and veracity—ingredients that are urgently requisite and amply sufficient for a foolproof basis. Whether we come to recognize that divine basis or motive by way of extraordinary arguments or otherwise, is neither here nor there—provided we attain certitude. And the Catholic arguments for credibility in Christ do furnish a satisfying moral certitude. So even that link in the first chain is not weak.

An example of your approach to mere human faith can be applied, in due proportion, to the approach to divine faith. If you need surgical attention, you would reasonably engage a surgeon recommended by one of his patients, operated on successfully for the same ailment. You could rely upon the patient’s recommendation of the surgeon, although only the latter could perform the surgery. Regardless of the basis for your appraisal of the surgeon, you would place your life in his hands only. Similarly, in order to negotiate a treaty with a foreign power, an interpreter might be indispensable to a diplomat. But the treaty would be legally effective, not because of the services of the interpreter, but because of the diplomat’s authority. So too,

regardless of whether we establish the reliability of Christ by arguments A, B, or C, by ten arguments or by five, we believe what Christ has taught because of His reliability—not because of the preliminary arguments whereby His reliability was established. Therefore, since His authority is divinely reliable, so too is our faith.

Agog

What should I say to the non-Catholics in my office who are agog over the Clark appointment and over the Pope's recent stand on marriage matters?—A. O'M., PHILA., PA.

If you could count on your associates' sense of humor, you might intimate that, in no time, Truman, the Baptist Mason, and Clark, the Episcopalian Mason, will become papists; that inevitably, because of the Catholic repudiation of unnatural birth control, papists will increase and multiply until they become the overwhelming majority population; that the White House will be convenient as a Vatican annex. Actually, it would be better to recommend a thoughtful reading of the series of articles featured in the weekly magazine, *America*, entitled "The Vatican in World Diplomacy," beginning with the issue of November 10, 1951.

Apocryphal of His Holiness' address to auxiliary obstetricians, neither the original text nor a reliable translation was available until about a week after the exhortation of October 29, 1951. The early translations carried by the secular press were not only premature, but so inaccurate and stupid as to be a discredit to a high school student. The pity of it is that most people will have read only such garbled versions—poor English and worse theology—and will have made their own the ludicrous conclusions to which newspaper moralists are wont to leapfrog.

Prescinding from the October formulation of Catholic doctrine by Pius XII, the well-informed Catholic knows in advance what the successor to St. Peter will say on any subject within his infallible competence. Conduct which is intrinsically moral or immoral, and the respective reasons pro or con, cannot be tampered with by any man. Hence, the Vicar of Christ does not reveal, nor does he invent—he merely clarifies and emphasizes anew what has already been revealed by God Himself. In applying timeless principles of human conduct to modern problems, the "Pastor of Pastors" reminds us that the medical problems of today's world are moral problems also and that even the scientist of tomorrow is only a delegate of the Divine Scientist and Physician, of the Lord of Life and Death.

The Papal discourse, publicized on a worldwide scale and so controverted in some non-Catholic circles, is entitled: "The Apostolate of the Midwife—Moral Questions Affecting Married Life." This most up-to-date message on the sacred topic of marriage is a providential clarification and defense of Catholic doctrine. Because of the timeliness of the topic, the cogency of its presentation, and the unique reliability of the author, the address is ideal material for the study-discussion clubs that should be a feature of every Catholic parish. To eliminate misunderstanding, a caption featured by the *Tablet* of Brooklyn should be kept in mind: What the Pope Did NOT Say. To at least learn what the Holy Father did say, every Catholic family should read the message studiously.

In this connection, it is pertinent to quote the Most Rev. George J. Rehring, Bishop of Toledo, who alerted his Diocesan Council of Catholic Men to read Catholic newspapers, magazines, and books, both as an antidote to the poison of secularism and as a stimulus to constructive endeavor. The warning of His Excellency that Catholics who read only the secular press expose themselves to the taint of secularism is exemplified the world over.

Some time ago, we recommended a thought-provoking booklet entitled, *A Letter to an Unborn Child*. We now recommend a follow-up pamphlet—*Those Dangerous Babies*. Both are obtainable from the *Catholic Light*, 312 Wyoming Avenue, Scranton 3, Pa., and are well presented as a challenge to the medical mischief warning mothers not to have children, and serve at the same time to debunk the "canonization," last July, of Margaret Sanger by the *Reader's Digest*.

Rectifying Marriage

In reference to a "Sign Post" topic of last November—illegitimacy of birth—is there any way of coping with this impediment to convent life and Holy Orders?—A. F., NEW YORK, N. Y.

An illegitimate offspring is legitimized by a valid marriage, whether the marriage take place between the time of conception and birth, or subsequently—assuming, of course, that the mother and father of the child are free to marry one another.

The stigma of illegitimacy is erased legally by making profession of solemn vows in a religious order. Not all religious take vows which are classified technically as "solemn." The vows professed by all religious are solemn in the sense of being sacred and of grave obligation. But the members of most religious communities are pledged by vows which are classed legally as "simple." A religious under a simple vow of poverty retains the ownership of whatever he possessed prior to his profession as a religious, and of whatever may accrue to him afterward. However, he is not free to use any such possession or to dispose of it. Were he to do so, it would be legal according to civil law, although morally unlawful. But a religious under a solemn vow of poverty renounces even the civil right to retain or to acquire possessions.

Similarly, if a religious were to marry, the marriage would be valid although unlawful, provided his vow of chastity were only simple, and provided he were not advanced as far as a major Holy Order. But a solemn vow of chastity would render an attempted marriage invalid. Hence, in the case of religious vows recognized by the Church's Canon Law as technically solemn, there is a unique element of self-renunciation which is the basis for the erasure of stigma by legal legitimation.

Baptismal Names

Am under the impression a Catholic should be baptized with a saint's name. If so, how come that some of our people go under other names?—J. C., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

It is required by Church law that a Christian name—the name of an officially recognized saint—be given to the recipient of baptism. (Canon 761) The spirit of the law is that the one baptized be dedicated to the veneration, imitation, and heavenly custody of the saint to whom he becomes a namesake. If the minister of the sacrament cannot prevail upon ignorant or stubborn parents to designate a Christian name, it devolves upon him to add a saint's name to the one determined upon by the parents. Both names are to be entered in the baptismal register.

Whether the Christian name be discarded or reduced to a mere initial, in favor of some other given name, such as a mother's maiden surname, is a separate issue. It is possible that there be sufficient reason for doing so. Otherwise, the practice is not to be commended. In particular instances—as in cases of the altered spelling or pronunciation of one's surname—it may be an attempt to smother identity as a Catholic. With some people, it is a simple case of fad, savoring of vain affectation.

"Saith The Lord God"

Is the enclosed quotation from the Bible? If so, where can I find it?—A. W., CANTON, OHIO.

In full, the quotation runs thus: "Therefore will I judge every man according to his ways, O House of Israel, saith the Lord God. Be converted, and do penance for all your iniquities: and iniquity shall not be your ruin. Cast away from you all your transgressions, by which you have transgressed, and make to yourselves a new heart and a new spirit. . . ." (Ezechiel 18:30-31).

Danger!

Although a Catholic, my son has been going to a Lutheran college for three years. With other Catholic boys there, he attends Sunday Mass. He has also taken part in some Lutheran services. Is he excommunicated?—K. J. ANTIOCH, ILL.

Apropos of the obligation of parents to provide their children with a Catholic education, the Church's Code of Canon Law is the fundamental norm. A mere glance at the law reveals the stark contrast between the educational pattern you have provided for your son and what is normal.

From childhood onward, the education of Catholics should be such that they are not only taught nothing contrary to faith and morals, but religious training should be given priority. As they advance, after elementary schooling, their indoctrination in the Faith should be proportionately more and more thorough. Catholics should not attend schools that are non-Catholic, whether anti-Catholic or nonsectarian. Referring to so-called neutral schools, Pius XI declared: "Such schools cannot exist in practice; they are bound to become irreligious." It pertains solely to the bishop of a diocese to decide, in accordance with the directives of the Holy See, when circumstances warrant the *toleration* of attendance at non-Catholic schools—and always under the proviso that there be due safeguards against perversion of faith as well as morals.

According to Canon 2319 of the Church's Law, an excommunication reserved to the bishop of the diocese is incurred automatically by parents or by others who supply the place of parents, who knowingly have their children educated or instructed in a non-Catholic religion. To the point—Is the Lutheran college in question the equivalent of a seminary? If so, then courses in Lutheran Christianity would be mandatory rather than elective. Aside from the danger of incurring excommunication, there are other cogent considerations based upon the very law of nature, as well as upon Canon Law, the common denominator of which is the danger of perversion.

Catholic high schools and colleges are maintained for the obvious reason that Catholic ideals and training are part and parcel of the education. If non-Catholic Christianity were not favored and fostered by a Lutheran college, it would have no reason for its distinctive charter. If such a college professed to be strictly neutral—an unlikely supposition—its neutrality would beget indifference to religion. Even though attendance at religion courses were not a requirement for credits, the virus of heresy and schism would infiltrate the mind of the student in other ways. A practical example would be the history courses. Over a period of years your son is bound to be influenced by non-Catholic professors and companions—the more so as a resident student. Some of the books would not rate shelf space in a Catholic college.

Catholic education bespeaks instruction, example, vigilance, and correction according to Catholic ideals. Why, then, send your son to a non-Catholic college, and during the most decisive years of his life? Even the non-Catholic partner to a mixed marriage has to sign solemn promises which

preclude such mismanagement. In the judgment of eminent theologians, parents are not entitled to sacramental absolution in the following circumstances: if they send their children to non-Catholic educational institutions prompted by an attitude of approbation and preference; if they send them to schools which are anti-Catholic in principle and teaching; if they send them to any non-Catholic school without due safeguards against perversion. By this time, as is clear from your letter, both you and your son are sufficiently disturbed in conscience to make a clean-cut decision.

Z as in Zion, Zukow!

Is there an order of nuns, under the name of Zion, devoted to the conversion of the Jews? A mission near Shanghai called Zokow?—J. G., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

There is a Congregation of Notre Dame de Sion, founded in France in 1843. For further information, contact the General Motherhouse, 61 rue Notre Dame des Champs, Paris; or 3823 Locust St., Kansas City 3, Mo.; or, the Rt. Rev. Msgr. James McKay, Director of the Archconfraternity of Prayer for Conversion of Jews, 6415 Holmes St., Kansas City, Mo.

Zikawei is a suburb of Shanghai, inhabited by the French colony of that city. Until the Red Chinese intruded, the French Jesuit college at Zikawei maintained an invaluable weather service. Equipped with a seismograph, it specialized in long-range forecasting.

Pietism

What is meant by the word "pietism?"—S. N., HONOLULU, T. H.

The original term "piety," as well as several derivatives that stem from the original, have undergone an evolution of meaning. Properly understood, "pietism" connotes extremism. It is impossible to recognize an excess unless we first understand its happy mean.

Oftentimes, the term "piety" is bandied around in such a way as to connote a spirit of religiosity which is unattractive and even positively repellent, because excessive or affected—à la Uriah Heep. Actually, piety is an essentially virtuous disposition—an offshoot of the cardinal virtue of justice—whereby we render what is due to God, to parents, and to country. To be pious is to be affectionately dutiful. A man bereft of that virtue is a moral monstrosity. Untold harm is done by the person who affects well-balanced, genuine piety under the masquerade of inconsistent, pseudo piety.

The Holy Spirit, the Divine source of all supernatural improvements in the human soul, imparts both the virtue of piety, or the sheer *ability* to be pious, and the gift of piety—an additional *facility* in the exercise of the virtue. The seven facilities that gift the soul are enumerated by Isaiah. (11:1-2)

Pietism, originated by one Jacob Bohme, a seventeenth-century shoemaker, was prompted as a reaction to unsatisfactory Lutheranism. From one extreme, the pietists rebounded to another. They considered Christianity to have been devalued by Lutheranism, but in their endeavors at revival, they lacked and repudiated all authoritative guidance, whether by way of submission to hierarchy or otherwise. The upshot of their floundering deteriorated into a baker's dozen of subjective, individualistic, and very sentimental variations of pious extremism. It is impossible to sketch the history of pietism neatly, for it ran a nightmarish course not only among the Germanic peoples, but also among the neighboring heretical nations to which it spread. Here and there, now and then, by an insistence upon sincere conformity between principle and conduct, it fostered commendable tendencies. More often, it fostered fanaticism pseudo mysticism and, anomalously, extreme immorality.



Finally, as the brothers and sisters with their wives and husbands made their way to the house of their father, the mood would be reaching a climax

The

by **ROBERT CORMIER**

THE sound of the organ swelled majestically as the people flooded the middle aisle, leaving the church. George was carried with the tide, the floor beneath his feet trembling slightly from the vibrations of the great organ tones.

As he neared the door, the wind blew winter across his face. He could hear the cries of voices in greeting. People stood in clusters outside the doorway, shaking hands, bending sometimes to peck each other on the cheek in the old Canadian fashion.

"Happy New Year . . ."

"*Bonne année. . .*"

The sun was dazzling white on the snow and George's eyes smarted as he hesitated on the stairs. A sadness welled up in him. Maybe it was the organ sound dying somewhere behind him. Or the voices, the merry voices of the holiday.

He made his way through the gatherings, nodding here and there to people he knew, but he did not take time to stop and chat. At the corner of the church, a voice reached him, breaking over the confused babbling of the crowd.

"Happy New Year, Dad. . ."

George turned and saw Roger standing on the other side of the street with a group of his school friends. He called a greeting to his son through stiff lips, and Roger waved and returned his attention to his chums.

How different, George thought, are the ways and manners of today. He remembered when a New Year greeting, from a father to a son, was the magic moment of the holiday. He remembered rising early in the morning in the chill of the new year and going into the kitchen. He would kneel at his father's feet while the old man placed his hand on George's shoulder and gave his blessing. Blessing for a new year.

That is the way it should be, he thought stubbornly, even though they say the old customs, the old traditions are dead. As always, he formed his thoughts in French. Although he always spoke English since his father had died, he had that much left . . . he could

Gesture

He could not join in the merriment that greeted the New Year.

For George had loved the old ways, and his heart mourned their passing

think in his native language. And it comforted him.

There was little comfort in the cold and the wind as he walked along Spruce Street. The sun disappeared for a moment, leaving the street bleak and lonely.

He thought of his father, now dead, and the old customs, now forgotten. How bitter, he thought, how bitter it can be for a man who sees the new ways and cannot turn his back on the old.

HIS mind went back, involuntarily, to old New Year celebrations and the glory and wonder of it all. . . . He remembered the far days, not so long ago. Just two years ago, really, he thought with surprise.

There was the night before the holiday, the magic Eve, and the pilgrimage undertaken by the whole family early in the evening.

His oldest brother, Arthur, always began the pilgrimage by visiting George and his family about seven o'clock. Arthur and his wife would bustle into the house, hurried by the cold, their eyes bright and shining. They would sit at the kitchen table, with warmth and merriment all about them, while Arthur's great laughter filled the rooms with gaiety and the promise of a good time coming.

Even the children became infected with the laughter. Roger and Kathie, the older ones, would peek, eyes wide with wonder, around the corner of the bedroom. Little René and Norman would stir restlessly as they slept. Arthur's wife would caution her husband to laugh more softly.

"We've got one night out of all the year to make merry," he would answer, "and I should sit quiet. . . ." And he would shake his head and drink the wine and sigh in contentment.

After the Pelletier girl from downstairs was established in the large, living room chair as a baby sitter, the two couples departed to wend their way through the icy evening.

The party would proceed through the streets of Monument Park, calling on the other brothers and sisters of the family, stopping at each house for a toast or two, a song or two, an old story or two. Seven brothers and sisters to visit in the clear, cold night at the end of a frozen year. At each home, they added two more people to the crowd and the group grew louder and merrier, alive with laughter and anticipation.

The bickerings, the petty quarrels, the minor misunderstandings that always accumulate in large families during any year were discarded and forgotten in the midst of the good cheer.

And, finally, as the brothers and sisters with their wives and husbands made their way to the house of their father, the mood would be reaching a climax.

They would pound on his door, calling loudly, so that the neighbors peeked out from the side of the window shades. And the old man would come shuffling to the door, grumbling in that easy, good-natured way he adopted whenever he was pleased and touched.

And soon they would be sitting in the house, gathered around the large, black stove in the spacious kitchen, singing and laughing and drinking while his father relaxed in his soft chair, the spittoon at one side and Old Sport, the faithful collie, resting on the other.

Nothing had ever interrupted the tradition. Only that one, dry year when his mother had died. They had gathered that New Year's Eve, too, but quietly and separately, and there had been little laughter, only half-hearted attempts at recalling the old jokes, the old stories. But the family had been together, at least.

And now, he thought, as he walked down the street, past the stores and the houses, now, it's all gone. Done with. His wife, Eva, had told him: "But, George, times change. You know that. Why, it's amazing that your family kept up the tradition as long as it did."

"I know, Eva," he had responded. But, inside of him, he truly did not

know. He did know that somehow an era had ended, a way of life had changed, and it hurt. His wife had shaken her head in that tender way she had. "My sentimental old man. You get more mellow as the years pass. You've got your own family, you know, Roger and Kathie in high school, the young ones growing fast."

He turned the corner into Third Street and saw his home at the end of the street. The house would be warm and the smell of roast turkey would be invading the rooms. Eva would be bustling around the kitchen.

It took him back again and he remembered the New Year's dinners at his father's house. After his mother died, all the daughters and daughters-in-law would gather there and cook the meal. But earlier on the morning of the Holiday, there was the benediction of his father.

MAYBE, he thought, that is what I really miss. The blessing after Mass. The brothers and sisters would make their way one by one to their father's house. The old man always rose early on that day, attended the six-thirty Mass so that he would be at home when the sons and daughters arrived.

Each year, they would find him there and kneel, head bowed before him, while he put a hand on their shoulder and tendered his blessing. For George, that was the pinnacle of the celebration.

You can forget the laughter and the singing and the joking, but it was difficult to realize that the family was dissolving and that his father's blessing would never again be given.

The family was breaking up, he knew. After last night it was apparent. The year before, New Year's Eve had arrived shortly after his father's death and there had been no observance in the family. Only Arthur had visited him early in the evening, alone and somber, and had said: "We must keep the family together, though, George."

And so last night, George had waited

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for the pilgrimage to start. He had shaved and dressed after supper and poured himself a small glass of wine. Eva had put on her new dress.

There had been concern about a baby sitter. The Pelletier girl from downstairs was going out to a party of her own.

"How about Roger and Kathie?" George had asked.

"Oh, George," his wife replied. "They've got plans of their own. They're not kids anymore, you know." She paused, seeing his disappointment. "I know," she continued, "I think I can get the Charmand girl."

Roger and Kathie were dressing, laughing and joshing as they dashed around the house, heating water for baths, Kathie ironing a dress and worrying about her hair. George felt left out of the gaiety.

He realized it was almost half past seven and a doubt entered his mind. But surely the tradition would continue this year. Surely, Arthur and his wife would come stomping in in a few minutes.

By eight o'clock, the kids had left, headed for their good time, and the house was still. George strolled around the house, restless. Finally, he announced to Eva: "I'm going to call Arthur. Maybe something's the matter."

She smiled, a bit sadly perhaps, as George went to the telephone. He spoke quietly to someone on the other end of the line and then returned to the chair by the radio. "Arthur's not feeling well," he told Eva. "Thinks he's got a touch of grippe. He said he's going to take a hot drink and go to bed early."

Eva recognized his sadness. "Well, George, maybe we could call Phil."

He shook his head and sighed. "No, Eva, it's no good." And he lapsed into French. "An era has ended, a tradition has died." In English, he continued: "Why, I remember once when Arthur had a fever and we made the rounds . . . No, Eva, let's forget it."

HE had arrived home now and turned up the walk. Little Norman greeted him at the door. Eva was busy, as he knew she would be, at the stove, preparing the dinner. George went past her, patting her shoulder and asked: "Where are the other kids?"

He would kneel at his father's feet while the old man gave his blessing



"Out somewhere," she answered, preoccupied with the pans on the stove. "They ought to be coming home soon."

George went into the living room and settled himself in the big chair and started reading the morning paper. Norman played at his feet for awhile and then went off somewhere in another room. The odor of the roasting turkey reached him but he did not have much appetite.

After awhile, he sat there, staring out of the window. He saw Roger and Kathie coming down the street, heads bent against the wind. That Kathie, he thought, she's going to be a beauty in a couple of years. Even her freckles seem to be disappearing. And Roger. He wants to try for the football team next year. Time passes, George thought.

He heard the kids bustle in the door, stamping the snow from their feet on the rubber mat. Their young, high voices added a sort of gaiety to the house. And as George sat there, he was almost content.

He went back to his paper, reading the advertisements that he usually overlooked. The clock struck noon and he became aware of a silence in the house. There was only the hissing of something cooking on the stove.

Unaccountably, he lowered the paper and looked up. Roger and Kathie stood before him and Eva was at the doorway looking in. The two kids stood there shyly and Roger's face was red but determined. Kathie's eyes were bright and George thought, she is a beauty.

And then Roger, his voice breaking with adolescence, said: "Dad . . . dad, would you . . . I mean . . ."

George smiled and he looked toward his wife who stood there silent and understanding. The boy continued as Kathie prodded him with her elbow. "Dad, could you give us your New Year's blessing the way Grand-pere used to give it to you?"

Without waiting, the boy and girl knelt suddenly before him. Something smarted George's eyes and made them watery but it wasn't the sun or the wind.

He placed a hand on each of their heads and pronounced his benediction, the age-old gesture handed down from the far days of another country.

As he sat there, he looked at Eva who was smiling tenderly now. And he remembered her words: "You have your own family, you know."

Roger and Kathie stood up then and kissed him, one on each side of his face. The embarrassment and shyness were gone.

The moment was broken as Eva announced: "Dinner's ready."

George followed his family into the kitchen and the house seemed merry now, for some reason, filled with the promise of a new year coming.

The Tower and Torture

This is the story of
a man who welcomed dangers,
tortures, and even death



"Let me say an 'Our Father' and 'Hail Mary'"

by JOHN GERARD

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL KINNEAR

Father John Gerard was a Jesuit who braved imprisonment, torture, and death to work for the preservation of the Faith among his fellow Englishmen. He landed in England in 1588 and returned to the Continent in 1606. He wrote an account of his eighteen years in England at the order of his superiors. His *Autobiography* is a simply told tale of his labors, of his imprisonment, of his tortures under the Protestant Inquisition which robbed Englishmen of the Faith, and of his final escape. There is a particular relevancy in this story for today, when in many parts of the world Catholics are again being persecuted as enemies of the state.

The present article, and the account of Father John Gerard's escape which will appear next month, are chapters from the *Autobiography*, which is being published by Pellegrini & Cudahy under the title, "The Hunted Priest."

THEY led me away and took me to the Tower of London. There they handed me over to the Governor, a knight called Berkeley, who had the title of Queen's Lieutenant. At once he took me to a large tall tower, three storeys high with lock-ups in each storey. (There are many such towers inside the fortifications.) For that night he assigned me a room on the first floor and handed me over to a warder in whom he had special confidence. The warder then went off and returned with a little straw. He spread it on the ground and went away again, shutting the door of my cell

and fastening another door above it with a great bar and iron bolts.

So I commended my soul to God who, "going down as He does into the pit with His people," never abandoned me in my bonds; and then to the Blessed Virgin, Mother of Mercy, and to my patrons and my guardian angel; and after I had made my prayer my mind was at rest and I lay down to sleep on the straw. That night I slept very well.

The next morning I walked round my cell. In its dim light I found the name of the blessed Father Henry Walpole cut with a chisel on the wall. Then, close to it, I discovered his little oratory, where there had been a narrow window. It was now blocked with stonework, but there on either side he had chalked the names of all the orders of Angels. At the top, above the Cherubim and Seraphim, was the name of Mary, Mother of God, and then above it the name of Jesus; above that again the name of God written in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew characters.

It was a great comfort to me to find myself in a place sanctified by this great and holy martyr, and in the room where he had been tortured so many times—fourteen in all, as I have heard. And as they tortured him more often than they wanted known, they did not do it in the ordinary public chamber. And I can well believe that he was tortured that number of times, since he completely lost the use of his fingers.

For when he was taken back to York to be executed in the place where he was arrested on his landing in England, he wrote out with his own hand an account of a discussion he had with

some ministers, there. Part of it was given to me later with some meditations on the Passion of Christ which he wrote in prison before his own passion. I was hardly able to read what he had written, not only because he wrote in haste but because his hand could barely form the letters. It looked like the writing of a schoolboy, not that of a scholar and gentleman. Yet he was a courtier before Campion's execution and while he was still a layman wrote some beautiful English verses in his honour, telling how the martyr's blood had brought warmth into his life and many others' too, inspiring them to follow the more perfect way of Christ's counsels.

So I was very glad when I found myself in Father Walpole's cell; but I was too unworthy to inherit the place where such a noble soul as he had suffered. The next day, either on orders or with the idea of doing me a service, the warder removed me to a cell on the floor above. It was large and, by prison standards, fairly comfortable. I told him I preferred to stay in the cell below and explained why, but he would not allow it. Then I begged him to let me go down there occasionally to say my prayers, which he promised and allowed.

Also, he offered to fetch me a bed if any friends of mine were willing to send me one, for beds are not provided in this prison, but the prisoner must find his own bed and other furniture he wants, on condition that they go to the Lieutenant of the Tower, even if the prisoner is liberated. I told him my only friends were my old companions in the prison I had just left. If he went



They left me hanging by my hands and arms fastened above"

there they might give me a simple bed as an alms. So the warder went off at once, and they gave him the kind of bed they knew I liked—a simple mattress stuffed with wool and feathers in the Italian style. They gave him also a coat and some linen and told him always to come and ask them for whatever I needed; he had only to bring a note signed by me mentioning the thing I wanted. Then they put some money into his hands and begged him to treat me well.

On the third day the warder came to my room straight from his dinner. Looking sorry for himself, he said the Lords Commissioners had arrived with the Queen's Attorney General and that I had to go down to them at once.

"I am ready," I said, "but just let me say an 'Our Father' and 'Hail Mary' downstairs."

He let me go, and then we went off together to the Lieutenant's lodgings inside the walls of the Tower. Five men were there waiting for me, none of whom, except Wade, had examined me before. He was there to direct the charges against me.

The Attorney General took out a sheet of paper and solemnly began to write out a form of juridical examination. They put no questions about individual Catholics—they were all about political matters—and I answered on the general lines I had always done before. I said that matters of state were forbid-

den to Jesuits and consequently I never had anything to do with them; if they wanted confirmation they had it. I had been in prison now three years and had been examined time and time again, and they had not produced a scrap of writing or a single trustworthy witness to show that I had taken part in any activities against the government.

Then they asked me about the letters I had recently received from our Fathers abroad; and I realized for the first time why I had been removed to the Tower. I answered:

"If I have ever received any letters from abroad at any time, they have had nothing to do with politics. They were concerned merely with financial assistance of Catholics on the Continent."

"Didn't you receive a packet a short time ago," said Wade, "and hand it over to so and so to give to Henry Garnet?" [Fr. Henry Garnet was the Jesuit superior in England at the time. He was later captured and executed.]

"If I have received any such packet and forwarded it, I did what I was bound to do. But, I repeat, the only letters I have received or forwarded are those, as I have said, dealing with the despatch of money to religious and students on the Continent."

"Very well," they said, "then tell us the name of the man you gave the letters to, and where he lives."

"I don't know, and even if I did, I could not and would not tell you," and I gave them the usual reasons for this answer.

YOU say," said the Attorney General, "you have no wish to obstruct the Government. Tell us where Father Garnet is. He is an enemy of the state, and you are bound to report on all such men."

"He isn't an enemy of the state," I said. "On the contrary, I am certain that if he were given the opportunity to lay down his life for his Queen and country, he would be glad of it. But I don't know where he lives, and if I did, I would not tell you."

"Then we'll see to it that you tell us before we leave this place."

"Please God, you won't," I answered.

Then they produced a warrant for putting me to torture. They had it ready by them and handed it to me to read. (In this prison a special warrant is required for torture.)

I saw that the warrant was properly made out and signed, and then I answered:

"With God's help I shall never do anything that is unjust or act against my conscience or the Catholic faith. You have me in your power. You can do with me what God allows you to do—more you cannot do."

Then they began to implore me not to force them to take steps they were loath to take. They said they would have to put me to the torture every day, as long as my life lasted, until I gave them the information they wanted.

"I trust in God's goodness," I answered, "that He will prevent me from ever committing a sin such as this—the sin of accusing innocent people. We are all in God's hands and therefore I have no fear of anything you can do to me."

This was the sense of my answers, as far as I can recall them now.

We went to the torture room in a kind of solemn procession, the attendants walking ahead with lighted candles.

The chamber was underground and dark, particularly near the entrance. It was a vast place and every device and instrument of human torture was there. They pointed out some of them to me and said that I would try them all. Then they asked me again whether I would confess.

"I cannot," I said.

I FELL on my knees for a moment's prayer. Then they took me to a big pillar, one of the wooden posts which held the roof of this huge underground chamber. Driven into the top of it were iron staples for supporting heavy weights. Then they put my wrists into iron gauntlets and ordered me to climb two or three wicker steps. My arms were then lifed up and an iron bar was passed through the rings of one gauntlet, then through the staple and rings of the second gauntlet. This done, they fastened the bar with a pin to prevent it slipping, and then, removing the wicker steps one by one from under my feet, they left me hanging by my hands and arms fastened above my head. The tips of my toes, however, still touched the ground, and they had to dig away the earth from under them. They had hung me up from the highest staple in the pillar and could not raise me any higher without driving in another staple.

Hanging like this I began to pray. The gentlemen standing around asked me whether I was willing to confess now.

"I cannot and I will not," I answered.

But I could hardly utter the words, such a gripping pain came over me. It was worst in my chest and belly, my hands and arms. All the blood in my body seemed to rush up into my arms and hands and I thought that blood was oozing out from the ends of my fingers and the pores of my skin. But it was only a sensation caused by my flesh swelling above the irons holding them. The pain was so intense that I thought I could not possibly endure it,

and added to it, I had an interior temptation. Yet I did not feel any inclination or wish to give them the information they wanted.

The Lord saw my weakness with the eyes of His mercy and did not permit me to be tempted beyond my strength. With the temptation He sent me relief. Seeing my agony and the struggle going on in mind, He gave me this most merciful thought: the utmost and worst they can do to you is to kill you, and you have often wanted to give your life for your Lord God. The Lord God sees all you are enduring—He can do all things. You are in God's keeping. With these thoughts, God in His infinite goodness and mercy gave me the grace of resignation, and, with a desire to die and a hope (I admit) that I would, I offered Him myself to do with me as He wished.

From that moment the conflict in my soul ceased, and even the physical pain seemed much more bearable than before, though I am sure it must, in fact, have been greater with the growing strain and weariness of my body.

When the gentlemen present saw that I was not answering their questions, they went off to the Lieutenant's house and stayed there. Every now and again they sent to find out how things were going with me.

THREE or four men remained behind to watch and supervise the torture, and also my warder. He stayed, I think, out of kindness, for every few minutes he took a cloth and wiped the perspiration that ran in drops continuously down my face and whole body. That helped me a little, but he added to my sufferings when he started to talk. He went on and on, begging and imploring me to pity myself and tell the gentlemen what they wanted to know. And he urged so many human reasons for this that I thought that the devil had instigated him to feign this affection or that my torturers had left him behind on purpose to trick me. But I felt all these suggestions of the enemy like blows in the distance: they did not seem to touch my soul or affect me in any way. More than once I interrupted him:

"Stop this talk, for heaven's sake. Do you think I'm going to throw my soul away to save my life? You exasperate me."

But he went on. And several times the others joined in.

"You will be a cripple all your life if you live. And you are going to be tortured every day until you confess."

But I prayed in a low voice as well as I could, calling on the names of Jesus and Mary.

Sometime after one o'clock, I think, I

fell into a faint. How long I was unconscious I don't know, but I don't think it was for long, for the men held my body up or put the wicker steps under my feet until I came to. Then they heard me pray and immediately they let me down again. And they did this every time I fainted—eight or nine times that day—before it struck five.

After four or before five o'clock Wade returned. Coming to me he asked:

"Are you ready now to obey the Queen and her Council?"

I answered: "You want me to do what is sinful. I will not do it."

"All you have to say," said Wade, "is that you wish to speak to Cecil, Her Majesty's Secretary."

"I have nothing to say to him," I said, "except what I have said to you already. If I asked to speak to him, people would be scandalized. They would think I had given way, that at last I was going to say something that I should not say."

In a rage he suddenly turned his back on me and strode out of the room, shouting angrily in a loud voice:

"Then hang there until you rot off the pillar."

He left. And I think all the Commissioners left the Tower then, for at five o'clock the Tower bell is rung, a signal for all to leave unless they want to have the gates locked on them. A little later they took me down. My legs and feet were not damaged, but it was a great effort to stand upright.

They led me back to my cell. On the way we met some prisoners who had the run of the Tower, and I turned to speak to my warder, intending them to overhear.

"What surprises me," I said, "is that the Commissioners want me to say where Father Garnet's house is. Surely they know it is a sin to betray an innocent man? I will never do it, even if I have to die."

I said this to prevent them spreading a report, as they so often do, that I had confessed something. And I also wanted word to get round through these men that it was chiefly concerning Father Garnet that I had been questioned, so that he might get to hear and look to his own safety. I saw that the warder was not pleased at my talking in their hearing, but that made no difference to me. [This ingeniously despatched message got through to Fr. Garnet. Writing to the General of the Society on 10th June, eight weeks later, Fr. Garnet says: "He (J.G.) hath been thrice hanged up by the hands until he was almost dead and that in one day twice. The cause was, as I now understand perfectly, for to tell where his Superior was, and by whom he had sent him let-

ters which were delivered him from Fr. Persons."]

When I reached my cell the man seemed really sorry for me. He laid a fire and brought me some food, as it was now nearly supper time. But I could eat only a little; and I lay down on my bed and rested quietly until the morning.

In the morning after the gates of the Tower were opened, my warder came up to say that Wade had arrived and that I had to go down and see him. I put on a cloak with wide sleeves—I could not get my swollen hands through the sleeves of my own gown—and I went down.

When I entered the Lieutenant's house, Wade said to me:

"I have been sent here in the name of the Queen and her Secretary, Cecil. They say they know for certain that Garnet meddles in politics and is a danger to the state. And this the Queen asserts on the word of a Sovereign and Cecil on his honour. Unless you choose to contradict them both, you must agree to hand him over."

"They cannot be speaking from experience," I answered, "or from any reliable information; they don't know the man. I have lived with him and know him well, and I can say for certain that he is not that kind of man."

"Come," said Wade, "why not admit the truth and answer our questions?"

"I cannot," I said, "and I will not."

"It would be better for you if you did," and saying this he called out to a gentleman waiting in the next room. He was a well-built man whom Wade called "Master of Torture." I knew such an officer existed, but I found out later that this was not the man. He was

"That day I could not even move my fingers or help myself"



Master of the Artillery. Wade gave him this title to terrorize me.

"By order of the Queen and Council," he addressed this gentleman, "I hand this man over to you. You are to torture him twice today and twice every day until he confesses."

The man took charge of me. Wade left. In the same way as before we went to the torture chamber.

The gauntlets were placed on the same part of my arms as last time. They would not fit anywhere else, because the flesh on either side had swollen into small mounds, leaving a furrow between; and the gauntlets could only be fastened in the furrow. I felt a very sharp pain when they were put on.

But God helped me and I gladly offered Him my hands and my heart. I was hung up in the same way as before, but now I felt a much more severe pain in my hands but less in my chest and belly. Possibly this was because I had eaten nothing that morning.

I stayed like this and began to pray, sometimes aloud, sometimes to myself, and I put myself in the keeping of Our Lord Jesus and His blessed Mother. This time it was longer before I fainted, but when I did they found it so difficult to bring me round that they thought that I was dead, or certainly dying, and summoned the Lieutenant.

I don't know how long he was there or how long I remained in a faint. But when I came to myself, I was no longer hanging but sitting on a bench with men supporting me on either side. There were many people about, and my teeth had been forced open with a nail or some similar iron instrument and hot water had been poured down my throat.

When the Lieutenant saw that I could speak he said: "Don't you see how much better for you it would be if you submitted to the Queen instead of dying like this?"

God helped me and I was able to put more spirit into my answer than I had felt up to now.

"No, no I don't!" I said. "I would prefer to die a thousand times rather than do as they suggest."

"So you won't confess, then?"

"No, I won't." I said. "And I won't as long as there is breath left in my body."

"Very well, then, we must hang you up again now, and a second time after dinner."

He spoke as though he were sorry to have to carry out his orders.

"*Eamus in nomine Domini*," I said. "I have only one life, but if I had several I would sacrifice them all for the same cause."

I struggled to my feet and tried to walk over to the pillar but I had to be



No Separation Allowed

►The Maryknoll missionary was teaching a catechism class in Bolivia.

"Stealing sugar from your mother would break what Commandment?" he asked of little Juan, aged eight.

"The Seventh," said Juan.

"And answering your mother back?"

"The Fourth," answered Juan.

"And pulling the tail of your dog?"

Juan scratched his head; then, hesitatingly, he replied:

"I don't know the number exactly, Father, but I think it would come under the rule which says, 'What God hath joined together, let no man pull asunder.'"

—Anna Flory

helped. I was very weak now and if I had any spirit left in me it was given by God and given to me, although most unworthy, because I shared the fellowship of the Society.

I WAS hung up again. The pain was intense, but I felt great consolation of soul, which seemed to me to come from a desire of death. Whether it arose from a true love of suffering for Christ, or from a selfish longing to be with Christ, God knows best. But I thought then that I was going to die. And my heart filled with great gladness as I abandoned myself to His will and keeping and contemned the will of men. Oh! that God would grant me the same spirit always, though I am sure that in His eyes it was far from a perfect spirit for my life was to be longer than I then thought, and God gave me time to make it more perfect in His sight, since, it seems, I was not then ready.

Perhaps the Governor of the Tower realized he would gain nothing by torturing me any longer; perhaps it was his dinner hour or maybe he was moved with genuine pity for me; whatever the reason, he ordered me to be taken down. It seemed that I had been hanging only an hour in this second period today. Personally, I believe he was moved by compassion, for some time after my escape a gentleman of position told me that he had heard Sir Richard Berkeley, this same Lieutenant, say that he had freely resigned his office because he no longer wished to be an instrument in such torture of innocent men. At all events it is a fact that he did resign, and only three or four months after his appointment. His place was

taken by another knight and it was under him that I escaped.

My warder brought me back to my room. His eyes seemed swollen with tears. He assured me that his wife, whom I had never seen, had wept and prayed for me all the time.

He brought me some food. I could eat little, and the little I did eat he had to cut up into small pieces. For many days after I could not hold a knife in my hands—that day I could not even move my fingers or help myself in the smallest way. He had to do everything for me. But in spite of this, on orders from the authorities, he took away my knife, scissors, and razors. I thought they must be afraid that I would attempt suicide, but I later learnt that they always do this in the Tower when a prisoner is under warrant for torture.

I expected to be taken again and tortured as they had threatened to do. But God knew the weakness of His soldier and gave him a short struggle lest he be defeated. To others stronger than me, to Father Walpole, Father Southwell, and others, He offered a hard fight that they might conquer. These men "in a brief time fulfilled a long space;" but I was clearly unworthy of their prize and was left to fulfill the length of my days, to make good my failings and wash with many tears a soul which I was not counted fit to wash—once and quickly—with my blood. It was God's good pleasure; and what is good in His sight, be it done.

Next month we shall publish another chapter from Father John Gerard's Autobiography, describing his escape from the Tower of London.

Woman to Woman

by KATHERINE BURTON

Definition of Freedom

THE OTHER DAY, during one of those discussions about trends and rights and governments and all the other large matters we talk about all day and about which we have arrived nowhere by night, I heard someone say, "But freedom has a different meaning than it had then. It changes like everything else."

I have been brooding over this ever since. I would not know how to argue philosophically or perhaps even from history or law, but I have something inside me that tells me freedom never changes. But also I realize that it is getting rather popular to say it does.

I looked up the dictionary definition and find the origin of the word is from the Anglo-Saxon and means dear or favored. These sound like fine words to explain freedom. For it is a beloved condition, and it can also cost a lot. It seems rather significant that the word freedom is not much used in Communist titles or talks. They steal words like democracy and peace, but freedom is a word they keep away from. They are wise; it might bite them.

Now we have, it is true, evolved a lot of special freedoms today, but the basic word is still there, and that is where the trouble comes in. It can be misused even by its friends. Some people have a way of saying freedom when they mean license, and some use it when they want something for themselves and—even worse—when they want something that is good for you. If these remarks sound a bit confusing, it is merely due to the trend of the times, which is itself confusing.

Some years ago, in a city in the Midwest, I was sitting in a trolley car which was ambling through the countryside, and I was thinking what a pleasant way this was to travel—not a subway whizz nor a train roar, but just a pleasant lurching progress. Suddenly a cacaphony rose about me. A voice shrilled at me some tune about love and you. When this ended, I heard that it might rain tonight but generally the weather would not change, and then a deep voice began telling the real inside gossip of Washington, and then—the commercial!

I listened; there was nothing else to do. Only later did I learn that in this city in buses and trolley cars, radios had been installed to give the helpless rider pleasure as he rode and also a little guidance on buying. The worst of it was you could not step up and turn it off; that, no doubt, was the conductor's privilege alone.

Last week I read with delight that the United States Court of Appeals has ruled—and all three judges were in agreement—that a citizen does not have to listen to commercial radio broadcasts. It is one method of sales talk which apparently makes no hit with the captive audience. In fact, it was the riders who sued.

Authority of the State

OF COURSE, this sort of thing has deeper implications, sadder endings. In some parts of the world, you turn your radio on at stated intervals and you listen-or-else to what the masters are telling the slaves is good for them. And there no court will hear an appeal to have this stopped. It is reported that this year Communist Hungary celebrated not the birthday of Christ but that of Stalin, which comes a few days earlier and replaces it.

However, there are infractions of freedom in this country, small perhaps but showing a trend—the trend toward the authority of the state. Some time ago, a distressed nurse wrote me that she had visited a family where there were four small children and another coming. The family was receiving a certain amount of relief, one part of which was several quarts of milk daily for the children. Now some official had told the mother that unless she went, after this birth, to the birth-control clinic, she could not have any more milk for the children. I took this up with someone who knew the mother's rights and it was settled quickly.

The experts are many who insist that the truth will make you free and then tell you their own pet theory of truth. For instance, none less than Dr. Conant, President of Harvard University, came out with something to give women more freedom of one kind, so they will not be tied down with a large family, or for that matter any family. He made a speech before the American Chemical Society last month predicting that cheap and harmless (so he said) chemicals added to women's diet will be the future method of controlling the world population.

"Did you take your vitamins today?" is a common question now. Dr. Conant's cheery little greeting would no doubt be, "Have you taken your deathamins today?" It is a chilling thing to reflect that men are sitting calmly in laboratories figuring out things like this, and, worst of all, succeeding, for they are brilliant men.

Another scientist (or is a "former assistant professor of child psychiatry" a scientist?) has solemnly stated that mothers who are at home with their children should try to keep freedom in their lives by making a special effort to keep up with at least one outside interest—"whether a bridge club or a book club is of little importance as long as she has some means of maintaining her identity." Pause for a little meditation on that one. It is, of course, pretty arrogant to say it does not matter what we women do. Some manage to maintain their identity just by answering nonsense like this.

The Best Way

IN MY ANNOYANCE I seem to have strayed from the subject, which was freedom. But I should like to say that a fine way for women to use the freedom they have is to study the technique of our government and then to use their suffrage. That is the best way to keep freedom. It is a fine way to acknowledge our indebtedness to that little group of men who insisted on freedom even though they knew they might die trying to get it. Because they succeeded we have it today.

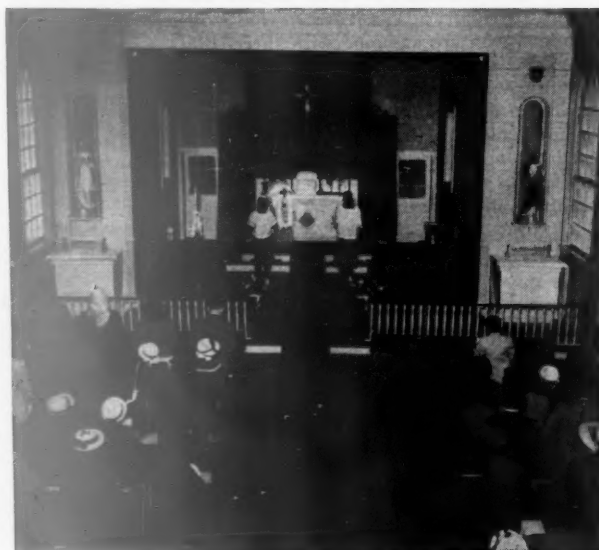
We women should not be fooled by groups who claim that freedom demands we keep such a book as Howard Fast's life of Paul Robeson on school shelves.

We women should not be held by false definitions of freedom or by some loud-speaker orating about it. The scientists and professors seem to be planning an easy life for us, and we tend to confuse ease with freedom. I wish women would learn to look clearly at what they are urged to accept and to leave. I wish they would test everything by the standards they know in their hearts are true standards. Let us not be like the mother in the funny story—but not so funny either—who said proudly of her small son, "He dresses himself and brushes his own teeth, he goes to school by himself, and he goes to his psychoanalyst by himself."

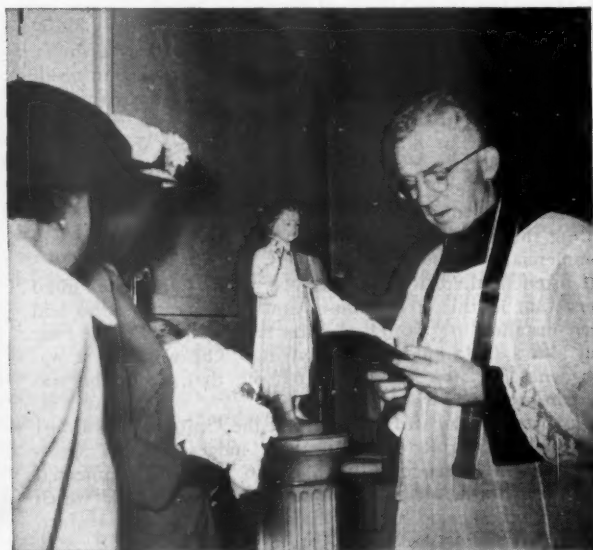


South of the Mason and Dixon line, Passionist Missionaries labor for souls in the enthusiastic promotion of God's honor and glory.

1. A church must be erected so that folks may fulfill the obligation of presence at Mass.



2. The Sacrament of Baptism purifies the soul and makes it a subject of the kingdom of God.



Passionists in Carolina



3. The Holy Eucharist imparts needed strength to an old gentleman looking toward heaven.



4. The pleasure manifested is an ample reward for the visit of the Fathers to this home.

5. A Catholic school gives due recognition to need of education based on the love of God.



• The Passionist Missionaries not only preach the Word of God in the far-flung corners of the world. In our own southland they have been reaping a bountiful harvest of souls from the seed that has been sown during the past twenty-five years. The increasing numbers of churches, schools, and convents give mute testimony to the apostolic zeal of the Priests and Sisters laboring for Christ Crucified, and also are evident proofs of the charity of Catholics from every State in the Union.

6. The children are never happier than at the time when a Father joins them in their fun.



In North Carolina the kind and gentle people gratefully acknowledge the opportunity they have received to enter the true Church of God. Daily they pray for their benefactors. The Passionist Missionaries, with the continued help of their friends, have every hope that the Church in the South will grow and grow. Out of it will come men and women strong in the Faith, fully prepared to practice those virtues that should be a part of the life of every soul believing in a Creator.

SPORTS

by **DON DUNPHY**

American Baseball Academy

Little Phil Rizzuto, the great New York Yankee shortstop, has come up with hundreds of spectacular plays during a sensational career in the major leagues, but the chances are that a play he developed off the diamond will prove to be the most sensational of all.

Phil's great play in the infield and his timely hitting earned him the American League's Most Valuable Player Award in 1950, but this off-the-diamond home run that Phil has scored is the one for which we like him best.

This new play is the formation by Phil, in conjunction with author Malcolm Child, of the American Baseball Academy—a movement designed primarily to combat juvenile delinquency by creating a uniquely appealing wintertime activity that boys of every race, creed, and color will be eligible for without charge.

The Academy, during this, its first season, from November 5th to February 15th, is undertaking to provide free instruction in all phases of baseball for twelve hundred boys. Classes are held daily in a large New York City armory, after regular school hours, for the twelve-week period.

Eligible boys, ranging in age from ten to eighteen, are referred to the Academy by other agencies interested in the city's youth. For many it will take up the slack of wintertime inactivity and afford the opportunity to play ball in the warmer months under the direction of various agencies.

Before we tell you more about the academy, we would like to say that, while it is staffed by a group of big-league baseball stars headed by Rizzuto, its purpose is not to convert aspiring young athletes into big-league baseball material, but rather to develop in hundreds of youngsters each season an appreciation of fair play, sportsmanship, and clean living through the medium of a workshop course in baseball craftsmanship. In order to qualify for the

Academy's awards, to be given at the end of each six-week term, good records in school, church, and home life will be required.

As we said, top baseball talent has been enlisted as the Academy's faculty. Besides Rizzuto, who is president of the organization, the teaching staff includes Yogi Berra, Yankee catcher, and the American League's Most Valuable Player in 1951. Yogi, naturally, coaches the aspiring backstops. Helping Rizzuto with the infields is Gil McDougald, Yankee third baseman and American League Rookie of the Year this past season. Outfield instruction is furnished by Sid Gordon of the Boston Braves and Gene Woodling of the Yankees. Gil Hodges of the Brooklyn Dodgers works with the first basemen while the pitching chores are handled by Lefty Eddie Lopat, whose two mound victories decided the last World Series, and Ralph Branca, Brooklyn hurler who indirectly had a lot to do with the late fall classic (remember Ralph's pitch to Bobby Thomsen in the Giant-Dodger playoff game). The batting cage is directed by New York Giant gardener, Monte Irvin, who you will admit is a pretty good man with the willow.

That's quite a collection of stars, isn't it? In fact, it's a team that could come pretty close to winning a pennant anytime. But the world series those diamond greats are shooting for is something bigger than the annual fall classic. The prize they're gunning for is an intangible something that will help thousands of youngsters in the bigger game of life.

The players themselves realize that the effect on the boys of being associated on a personal day-to-day basis with great figures in baseball promises to be an immeasurable factor in teaching the youths the principles of good citizenship.

As Phil Rizzuto put it, "Kids look up to baseball players and think of us as heroes. It's very flattering but it's also a responsibility. I think a ball

player can do a lot for children. He can be a social worker as well."

Yours truly took a run over to the armory one day to watch a session. There we found some three hundred youngsters broken up into different groups, going through various diamond chores under the careful supervision of the big-leaguers. All was orderly and quiet. We were surprised at this and so remarked to Malcolm Child, the Academy's vice-president and author of the book, *How to Play Big League Baseball*.

"Yes, it's quiet now," said Mr. Child. "But you should have been here the first day. The youngsters were so dazzled by the presence of those big-timers that all they wanted to do was get autographs. But it didn't take us long to get it under control. We soon found that the kids were big-leaguers at heart and were really interested."

We strolled over to where Eddie Lopat was conducting a class in pitching. The kids were firing away at a target on the wall. The Lefty was stressing control. "We keep reminding them," he said, "that a good pitcher needs control and so does every player on the field, and not only when he's throwing the ball."

Monte Irvin was watching the hitters. A ball was suspended from above and the kids took turns taking swings at it. Usually they overswung. Monte was correcting this. Timing was the important thing.

Yogi Berra was catching with a youngster and pointing out to his group the fine arts of receiving. The boys were eating it up.

We spoke to Sid Gordon and Gene Woodling, who were with the outfielders. "Any embryo big-leaguers, Sid?" we asked. "Oh, it's much too early to tell," he replied. "Although there's one kid here who looks as though he'll make the big leagues."

ANOTHER group was with Ralph Branca, who was teaching position on the mound, and Gil McDougald had another bunch learning how to get in front of ground balls. It made us very wistful. We wished the Academy had come along many years ago. We sure would have tried to join it.

Incidentally, in order to be accepted by the Academy a boy must be recommended by, and be a member of, a social service organization. No fewer than thirty-three of these organizations are participating in providing the school with students. Among them are the Catholic Youth Organization, the Police Athletic League, the Jewish Board of Guardians, the Boys Clubs of America, and the United Neighborhood Houses.

Prominent businessmen and civic

officials were quick to rally to Rizzuto's brainchild. Ward Melville, of the Melville Shoe Company, is chairman of the board of directors and John J. Bergen, Chairman of the board of Childs Company, is treasurer.

We think it is a great idea and that before long it will spread to other cities across the nation and a solid blow will have been struck for good citizenship.

"Mr. Shortstop"

The fact that we are now in the month of January reminds us that spring training for the baseball season is just about a month away. Which reminds us that fame on the diamond is most often a fleeting will-o'-the-wisp and is very far from being permanent. The latest example of this is Marty Marion, erstwhile manager of the St. Louis Cardinals. Last year Marion, nearing the end of a great career as shortstop for the Redbirds, was appointed the team's manager. He did a superb job, probably as good as any managerial job in the major leagues. He took a team of fading veterans of the Slaughter, Brecheen, Pollet type, together with a group of youngsters who had not yet arrived, with only one real star, Stan Musial, and yet steered the team home in third place behind the Giants and Dodgers.

It was a superb effort of managing by a man in his freshman year as a pilot. Naturally, Marion looked back on the job and felt he had performed creditably at the helm of the St. Louis National League entry, which he certainly had. At contract-signing time recently, he felt that his work merited the security of a two-year contract. But Mr. Fred Saigh, owner of the Cardinals, apparently has an allergy to contracts of more than one year and he demurred. This led to an impasse between the

manager and the owner. Each was stubborn. Each refused to give in. Finally Marion was let go.

This points up once again a couple of all too apparent facts about baseball. One is that despite all the hullabaloo about this and about that, the fact is that the men who hold the purse strings of the major league portion of our so-called national pastime look on the game as just a business and are in it for what they can get out of it. At least most of them are. Sentiment is a wonderful thing, and so is loyalty, as long as they fit in with the current scheme of things and with the box-office receipts. As long as a star is in his prime and is delivering, it's great to be sentimental about him. To brag about him, to say, "He's our boy." But once Father Time catches up with the poor guy, that's another matter.

This was strictly a business deal. Marion had done a good job as manager. Mr. Saigh would certainly admit that. But no security. No two-year contract. Despite Marion's long, fine service in the Cardinal organization. Now that Marty has the security of a double contract with Bill Veech's Browns, he may forget those last unpleasant days in the Cardinal organization. If there are any more angles that the veteran shortstop should know, he'll learn them in the company of Master Veech and the great Hornsby.

The other apparent fact about baseball that we wanted to point out is one of its geographical inequities. That is that other things being equal, they pay off, not on ability but on location. That, of course, is because of box office, and we're not blaming anyone for it. Naturally, the New York Yankees or the Giants or the Brooklyn Dodgers will draw more than the St. Louis Cardinals or the Browns. The Detroit Tigers will

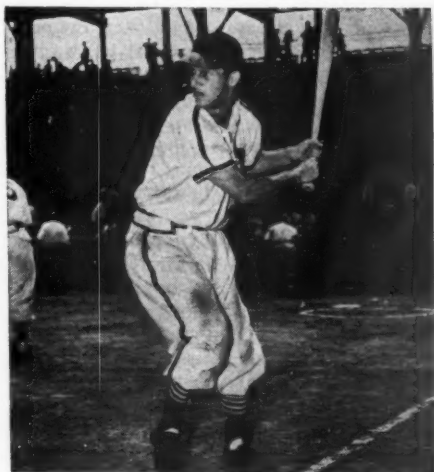
draw more than the Washington Senators, the Cleveland Indians will outdraw the Philadelphia Athletics. This is because of the fact that some of these cities are larger than others, and also because of the fact that some cities like St. Louis and Philadelphia can support but one major-league team but try to keep two.

This may be all right, but it's a little rough on the men who make professional baseball their livelihood.

Take Stan Musial, for instance. Beyond doubt, Stan the Man is the greatest individual performer in baseball today. With the St. Louis Cardinals, he's lucky to get \$50,000 per year. Now don't get me wrong. Chances are that Stanley from Donora, Pa., can get by on fifty grand per, so I'm not bleeding too much for him. But there is a certain amount of inequity here. What do you think he could get with the New York Yankees or the Giants or the Red Sox? At least a hundred thousand. No question about it. If Joe DiMaggio and Ted Williams are worth that, so is Musial. But the Yankees and Red Sox can afford to pay that and the Cardinals can't.

Take Ned Garver—and there are a lot of clubs who would like to. With the St. Louis Browns he gets about \$18,000. With one of the more affluent clubs he could make twice that. It's quite an argument against baseball's controversial reserve clause which binds a player to one organization for his baseball life and denies him the opportunity of bargaining for himself in the open market.

The baseball people will tell you that baseball can't exist without the reserve clause, that its structure would collapse. How do they know? They've never tried anything else and frankly I don't think they will.



The Cards' Musial. The reserve clause cuts into his earning



Second right, Phil Rizzuto looks on as the Mayor of New York is made an honorary member of the Baseball Academy

What are the Germans Thinking?

Do they like the neutralism of Socialist Schumacher? Or the pro-Western sympathies of Christian Democrat Adenauer? Do they want an army? And what would they do with it? Invade France again?

by JOSEPH L. WAYNE

WHAT do Mr. and Mrs. Average German think of the political problems of the day? Where do they stand amidst the conflicts and passions unleashed by two world wars and constantly inflamed by Soviet Russia's amoral tactics?

One clue I picked up at the West German Office of Information. As part of its job of keeping a finger on the pulse of public opinion in West Germany, the Information Office conducts periodical surveys *a la* Gallup. In mid-August, this poll showed that if a parliamentary election were to be held at that moment, Dr. Kurt Schumacher's Socialists would win the largest number of mandates, while Chancellor Adenauer's Christian Democrats would slip down to second place.

But just two months later a similar poll revealed that the Socialist trend has been overcome and the two parties are now running neck and neck. This reversal can only be the measure of the West German population's response to events which took place since mid-August—a period in which the Christian Democrats emerged as the party favoring integration with the West. During that same period of time, the Socialists, through the irresponsible actions of their leaders from Dr. Kurt Schumacher down, have come to represent "neutralism" to the German people.

As a result, a sizable segment of rank-and-file Socialists are drawing up a manifesto divorcing themselves from Dr. Schumacher's extravagant nationalist statements which, they believe, are playing right into the hands of the Soviets.

With revolt stirring even within the Socialist Party, it is little wonder that the non-Socialist "little men" are speaking up boldly for a Western alliance.

They are convinced of the necessity for a common front between Germany and her late enemies, against the Communist world. To get this common front going, they are willing to sacrifice the economic individuality of their country by participating in such supranational organizations as the Schuman Plan for the control of Western Europe's steel and coal industries. Nor do they insist that Germany's armed forces shall serve under the old flag.

Even the age-old quarrel with France—a quarrel kept alive in French eyes by three German invasions in seventy years and kept alive in German eyes (something that is frequently forgotten by the historians and diplomats) by a previous seven hundred years of almost constant French aggression—has evaporated. The common people of Germany are adult enough to understand French suspicion of revived German power and are willing to grasp the hand of France in a clasp of perpetual friendship.

All of these things the people of Germany are willing to do for three reasons. First, the years of war taught them the terrible lesson that Christian Western civilization is too precious a commodity to be sacrificed to satisfy outmoded national jealousies and aspirations. Second, they recognize that the countries of Western Europe share a common heritage and common aspirations.

The third reason the Germans have for their willingness to become an integral part of the Western European community is the same reason that keeps France, Scandinavia, and the Low Countries from kicking over the traces: Bolshevik Russia.

Even if the other reasons mentioned played no part in their attitude, Germans would be willing to enter a European Union in partnership with

France, the traditional enemy, and take their places in a European Army of defense against further Soviet expansion.

One man will tell you, as a worker in a tile factory told me, "I fought against the Russians and I know their strength. If they attack we may be defeated, but that is no reason to become slaves without a fight. I'd rather be dead than have my family living under the Reds."

Another man, this time a druggist, will say, "The Russians are mad beasts. We are civilized, the French are civilized, you are civilized. All civilized men have the duty to help each other against wild beasts."

A third man, a student with army service behind him, will say, "For almost two thousand years, ever since the break-up of the Roman Empire, the people of Europe have been going their separate ways. Some wise men in each generation tried to stem the tide and show that the way of peaceful co-operation was better than that of warring dynasties and border-conscious peoples. Now the Russians have proved better teachers than the wise men. These modern barbarians have taught Europe the lesson that she must unite or perish. With American help we will unite because we refuse to perish!"

They will say it to you in these three ways and in a dozen more, but it will always amount to the same thing: "Germany is part of Europe. Europe is in danger. Of what use is national pride and foolish sovereignty to a stricken people? Germany is ready to take its place in the European community."

War is often a paradox. It brings terrible, trying times to conquerors and conquered alike, but sometimes it brings mutual understanding. For years a



Black Star photos

The average German. Like the average American he votes for a Party, not for fine points of foreign policy

Right—Shape Headquarters. Presentation of Atlantic flag to General Eisenhower



German Army of Occupation sat watch over France, much as our American Army of Occupation watches over Germany today. The Germans who were in that Army, many of them, have brought home a new respect for France and French civilization.

On a train from Frankfurt to Paris, I met a former German captain who was on his way back to France with his wife and young son to spend a week with the French family in whose home he had been billeted. That man's entire conversation was a paean of praise for the virtues of the French.

In a restaurant in Bonn, I spoke to a waiter who said the acme of his desire was to live in a country whose population shared American drive, French culture, and German *Gemütlichkeit*. He too had served in France.

Time and again, I have been told by German workers that the quarrels of the past were the work of politicians on both sides in a bygone era. "We have

no dispute with France," they say, "that cannot be settled in friendship and with honor to both countries."

There is even shrewd understanding of that dash of Gallic radicalism which forces French conservatives to offer themselves for election as Radical Socialists and induces French workers, who are no more Reds than Norman Thomas, to vote Communist.

A German traveler, who said he was a smuggler by profession and proved it by offering me "genuine" French perfume at an extremely high price, sat back with a sigh to talk politics after it became obvious that he'd make no sale. "How I admire those Frenchmen," he exclaimed. "They have all the fun of playing Red politics while each one of them has a sock full of gold hoarded up just in case the Reds ever do take over. Do you know," he added, "there's no difference between a Frenchman and a German except that we're willing to learn French and they won't learn Ger-

man. But what's the difference—it won't hurt us to be the ones to make the first advance, in French, if we have to."

A German doctor who says he is afraid the politicians on both sides will, in their awkwardness, prevent the French and Germans from co-operating for the common good before it is too late, put it this way: "France and Germany have been fighting ever since the death of Charlemagne. Sometimes we win, sometimes the French win. But whoever wins the victory on the field of battle finds that he loses from the war to the same extent as the beaten side."

Occasionally an American or British correspondent in Germany will tell you that he has found symptoms of an anti-French attitude in some German to whom he has talked. My answer always is to tell the story of the waiter who was serving my breakfast in the still half-ruined railroad station of bomb-shattered Cologne.

He hovered over me as I ate, bringing

extra rolls, butter, and marmalade with the solicitude of a mother hen for a chick. Then, as I sat back in stuffed contentment, he wanted to know if there was anything else I required—a newspaper, or possibly an envelope and some paper to write a letter?

"Nein, danke," I replied.

He looked at me with a little shy smile. Then hesitantly he asked: "The Herr is *Franzose*?"

"No," I answered, "*Amerikaner*."

He walked away without a backward glance and sent another waiter over.

The German voters believe their politicians mean what they say and have a tendency to adopt their party's stand on a particular issue—especially when it is not very intelligible to the average man. Such an issue is the Schuman Plan.

Those who follow the Christian Democratic Party and its coalition partners usually declare that they favor the Plan and its immediate implementation. Socialists, however, take their cue from Dr. Schumacher's pronouncements against the Plan and tell you that they oppose its adoption.

On the other hand, among the politically literate, the Plan is either praised with great fervor as, in Dr. Adenauer's words, "the first major step toward a united Europe," or damned with great energy as a capitalist plot.

Coupled with the Schuman Plan, however, is the much-discussed idea of a European Army to replace the half-dozen national war machines of the Continent. This is a discussion in which every German feels able to participate.

Comment on the European Army proposal runs from a gloomy, "What difference does it make what uniform I wear in order to get killed?" to, "An all-European Army means the end for all time of narrow nationalism. If we all serve together in the same Army for the same cause, we certainly will never fight each other again."

These Germans are not fools. They know the score. Their own experiences have made it pretty certain that they will never tolerate their leaders' starting an aggressive war again, but that is far from saying that they will not fight with skill and courage to defend themselves from a Russian attack.

When the East German puppet regime sounded a phony call for German unity a short time ago, the downtown sections of Bonn (and I understand the same thing was true of the other big German cities) blossomed out with a rash of crude posters bearing the message: German unity? Yes! But Moscow slavery? No!

These were the result of spontaneous outbursts of public opinion. And the man on the street nodded his emphatic agreement as he walked along.

But there is a deep realization that West Germany has the will but not the way to fight in its own and Europe's defense. No one knows better than the masses of ex-soldiers in West Germany how impossible it is to fight a modern war without the best of equipment and a well-trained army.

Some Germans will tell you that if France is to retain a national army

then Germans should train and fight as a national entity also. But there are even more who recognize that the French case is different because France has an overseas empire which must also be defended and policed.

Now the average German may not be as politically astute as the average Frenchman, who constantly points to the sacrifices, real or imaginary, that France is making for the common good and asks for compensation for them. But Mr. Average German nevertheless does ask some embarrassing questions. "Why," he wants to know, "are we good enough to fight for the defense of the West and to make painful economic readjustments in the interests of all Europe, when we're not considered good enough to enjoy equal status with our new friends and we're not trusted to manage our own affairs?"

IN other words, West Germans think that the time has come to resume sovereignty over their own country—at least until the time all Western European states, as equal partners, are ready to create a United States of Europe.

Opinion is almost unanimous that the West cannot expect the last full measure of devotion from German workers and soldiers who live under an occupation regime, no matter how paternalistic or mild it is in practice. To balance this, there is genuine recognition that the Allied Powers, especially France, are entitled to some guarantee that Hitlerism will not spring up again or that a rearmed Germany will not enter into another Rapallo with Soviet Russia. The Germans who recognize this need are astonished, of course, that their behavior since 1945 has not earned them greater confidence abroad.

No German, no matter how deeply he feels that his country belongs on the firing line with the United States and its Allies, will agree that that firing line should be the Rhine. He wants it much further east, and he wants the assurance that if the Soviets strike, West Germany will be defended, not liberated later on.

Give our friends in West Germany these guarantees in exchange for what we ask them to do, and they will do it loyally and to the best of their very great ability. I say "our friends in West Germany" because most of these people are our friends—to a greater extent than are the people of France or Britain. If we give them our confidence and our help, they will rapidly become the greatest asset we possess outside our own borders in the death struggle with Soviet Communism. We have enjoyed democracy for more than 150 years, the Germans for only three or four, but they seem to be catching on.

Below—France's Foreign Minister, Robert Schuman



Right—German Chancellor, Adenauer



Above—German Socialist, Schumacher



Books

THE RESTLESS FLAME

By Louis de Wohl.
J. B. Lippincott Co.

284 pages.
\$3.00



Louis de Wohl

Mr. de Wohl has extracted the narrative from *The Confessions of St. Augustine* and embellished it to form this novel. His Augustine is a man of brilliant intellect, searching deep in different philosophies and religions for the true God while he remains a slave to his carnal habit. This is an accurate picture as far as it goes. What Mr. de Wohl does not convey is the humility and intense love of God of the converted Augustine which shines through every page of the *Confessions*.

He has made the youthful Augustine more cruel toward his friends than even Augustine admits; his mistress cringes at his tyranny. The torturing lecture he delivers to his good friend Alypius is done maliciously in the novel, inadvertently, according to the autobiography.

In the novel, Alypius is made to look the fool, whereas in the *Confessions* he seems an intelligent, courageously honest lawyer. When Alypius later emerges as Bishop of Tagaste, one questions his fitness for office. Augustine's mother, Monica, is much as she is pictured in the *Confessions*. This difficult portrayal of their relationship is one of the best parts of the book.

The narrative includes Augustine's early studies in Carthage, his falling under the spell of the Manichees and his subsequent disillusionment, the fifteen years with his mistress and son, Adeodatus, his conversion to Catholicism under Ambrose in Milan, finally his influence on world powers as Bishop of Hippo and his death as Vandals besiege the city. His is an arresting spiritual adventure.

PAULA BOWES.

FOOTNOTES FOR THE ATOM

By Vincent E. Smith.
Bruce Publishing Co.

208 pages.
\$3.50

Dr. Vincent Smith attempts to put natural science in its place: neither in the ash bin, nor on the altar, but where it belongs. Gradually the mainland has been absorbed by the island—philosophy by empiriological knowledge. If we are ever to throw off the great fear that afflicts our century, we have got to take

science off its pedestal and make it man's helpmate once more. "To evaluate the empiriological method and to chart out its bearing upon philosophy and religion is doubtless the chief intellectual challenge of the age."

With a steady hand, the author applies the basic principles of philosophy to the modern sores. It is up to the patient to co-operate if he really wants to regain his peace and security.

These rather extensive footnotes by no means add up to a bedside book. One must sometimes stand on tiptoe to follow the author's flight into the speculative. Yet the whole is put down with somewhat more regard for literary form than one expects to find in a book of this kind. The common reader is not forgotten for a prodigious number of examples and illustrations are given him that he might watch the abstract principles at work.

The book digs into many of the fallacies that have been gradually absorbed into our thinking. Dewey, Russell, Freud, and others are taken to task for sowing fear in the minds of many. Dr. Smith is not solely a theorist. His long apprenticeship in the various sciences enables him to meet and defeat the practical materialists with weapons of their own choice.

JOHN L. MADDEN.

THE UNITED STATES AND SPAIN

By Carlton J. H. Hayes.
Sheed & Ward.

198 pages.
\$2.75

"We should bear in mind," writes Professor Hayes, "that the existing Spanish Government is not a totalitarian dictatorship of the same sort as Hitler's or Stalin's." Franco's Spain, he further points out, is not nearly as totalitarian or as rigorous as Tito's Yugoslavia, and its record vis-à-vis Russia has never been besmirched, as has that of Yugoslavia, by fellow-traveling.

Carlton J. H. Hayes is not a Fascist. He is an American of unimpeachable repute. Seth Low Professor of History (emeritus), at Columbia University, and American Ambassador to Spain from 1942 until 1945, he writes from pro-American, not pro-Spanish motives. He



C. J. Hayes

obviously would like to see Spain emerge as a more democratic, more popular country than it is now. But he cannot see the reason, and he temperately points out the absence of reason, in the American Department of State's long and stubborn hostility to Franco. It is to the practical advantage of the United States, he proves, to be friendly, rather than hostile, to a country which has been a successful enemy of the common enemy of the West.

In this lucid, learned, readable, and persuasive book, Hayes writes: "Cultivate friendly relations with the two triangles of which geographically, and historically the United States is an immediate part: the one triangle of ourselves with Canada and the European mother countries of Britain and France; the other triangle of ourselves with Latin America and the European mother countries of Spain and Portugal. We have not neglected the one. We should not neglect the other." Welcome Spain, then, he urges, into the North Atlantic Pact.

But doesn't France disapprove of Spain? And Britain—at least didn't Atlee's Britain? It is time, says this American ambassador, that the United States should lead in this matter, rather than follow. From an American ambassador, isn't that something close to treason?

HUGH CROSSON.

THE STRUGGLE FOR SURVIVAL

Eliot Janeway.
Yale University Press.

382 pages.
\$5.00

This newest addition to the *Chronicles of America* series deals with economic mobilization on the home front from 1939 until the end of World War II. Confronted with an already complex and confused panorama, the author manages to make it hopelessly confusing as well.

Wartime Washington is revealed, somewhat in the manner of a "confidential" exposé, as a labyrinthine political jungle infested with a plethora of Machiavellis. Indeed, so many sinister schemers are portrayed that the reader ends by finding them preposterous instead of dangerous: Felix Frankfurter, Harry Hopkins, Louis Johnson, Edward F. Pritchard, Donald Nelson, to name a few.

Mr. Janeway alleges his purpose to have been to "explain the how of

PAPAL PRONOUNCEMENTS ON THE POLITICAL ORDER. Compiled and edited by Francis J. Powers, C.S.V.—Selected passages from the writings of Leo XIII to Pius XII showing the Church's position and teaching on vital questions of politics, economics and sociology. \$3.50

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Roosevelt's greatness by telling the story of Roosevelt at his greatest—as war President and presiding genius over America's home front." If one judges his book by this criterion, he has failed. For, except for a labored comparison of Roosevelt and Lincoln and a quasi-mystical reference to Roosevelt's contribution to the dynamics of democracy, the author pictures the late president as an often unscrupulous manipulator inefficiently juggling lesser men and ill-drawn measures.

It must be regretfully stated that, in the opinion of this reviewer, *The Struggle for Survival* possesses neither the readability nor the historical reliability of most other volumes in the *Chronicles*.

H. L. ROFINOT.

NOVELETTE

By A. L. Barker.
Charles Scribner's Sons.

239 pages.
\$2.75

With a particular flair for the short story, Miss Barker has published an outstanding collection of ten stories and a novelette, each polished to a turn and likely to please the more intelligently mature reader.



A. L. Barker

In holding up a mirror to her own postwar England, Miss Barker reveals that bombs and deprivations have left a calloused citizenry with shifting moral values. And her satire which begins gently grows stern when her characters fall victims of their own plots, trying to pattern life as they want it.

A case in point is the middle-aged Luise Mallory who somehow imagines that an affair with the boyish convalescent soldier William Felice whom she and her husband shelter in their small country bungalow will relieve the drabness and monotony of her life. At the outset she believed she was fulfilling her dreams of "brilliant amours." It is a striking story of smug complacency, envy, double dealing, and hate silhouetted against a backdrop of war.

The shorter stories sketch an interest-

ing array of people. In *Heartbreak* Miss Barker goes to the Riviera for a setting and again pits age against youth, a tale to prove that "it is the older, brittle heart which cracks." Young hearts don't break, they "only bruise."

Miss Barker is less sure when dealing with the supernatural in her stories. In *Domini*, a woman of seventy looks back at her early childhood. As a girl of ten she became desperately lonely for her young widowed Italian mother's companionship and so makes a playmate of the devil *Domini*. The story has a tragic ironical twist as does *Jane Dore—Dear Childe*, a curious tale of seventeenth-century witchcraft that tells of a lovesick Anglican priest, with a Calvinist strain in his preaching, and charitable and humane young Jane Dore who excites his jealousy. Though less credible these stories make stimulating reading.

ELIZABETH M. NUGENT.

MY RUSSIAN YESTERDAYS

By Catherine de Hueck. 132 pages.
Bruce Publishing Co. \$2.50

Catherine de Hueck's colorful and vivid book is dedicated to a Russia she knows well, since she was born and educated there. She speaks of a Russian world of not so long ago, yet almost entirely forgotten or unexplored. Catherine de Hueck does well to tell about it in our days, since it is important, as Pope Pius XI wrote in a famous encyclical, to make a distinction between the Communist, godless, and ruthless rulers of Russia today and the Russian people who suffer under the Bolshevik yoke. Catherine de Hueck shows that this people's tradition, way of life, and moral formation were profoundly Christian. This was typified in Mrs. de Hueck's own family, which she describes with loving care, gratitude, and a true artistic sense.

Catherine de Hueck is a Catholic. Her people were Russian Orthodox in part, and in part Catholics. She says: "The customs, celebrations, prayers, and the 'ways of doing things' were common to both Catholic and Orthodox in Russia."

International Incident



►While vacationing in Switzerland, a wealthy American spinster passed away. Her relatives requested that the body be sent home for burial. When the casket arrived, it enclosed the body of an English general whose death at the same time and place had been widely publicized. The woman's nephew cabled the news of the mixup to the General's heirs and asked for advice on how to proceed.

Within a short time he received an answer: "Bury General quietly. Your aunt interred yesterday with full military honors."

—Charles F. Brooks

"I give them to you," writes the author, "as they came to me, from living with my grandmother's folks in Warsaw, and with my grandfather's near Moscow."

Thus we have, in *My Russian Yesterdays*, such chapters as the ones devoted to the home, to everyday housework, like the baking of bread, to the celebrations of great feasts, especially Christmas and Easter, to family prayers, pilgrimages, and devotions, one of the most important being devotion to Our Lady. All that is related in this book, written with true inspiration after a pilgrimage to Our Lady of Fatima, helps us to realize why Mary's immaculate heart is so concerned with Russia's conversion.

HELENE ISWOLSKY.

WHERE NESTS THE WATER HEN

Gabrielle Roy.
Harcourt, Brace & Co.

251 pages.
\$3.00

The pastoral simplicity suggested by the title of this book is one of its most charming qualities. Tucked away in the most remote reaches of Manitoba lies an island on the Little Water Hen River where lives the Tousignant family—mother, father, and an ever-increasing number of children. Their needs are supplied from their own labor on the land and from sheep-raising.



Gabrielle Roy

The harmony existing between Luzina and Hippolyte naturally infects the children, and it is the spirit of Luzina's happy outlook that dominates the family and the book. Only once a year does Luzina leave her home and then only for an important and perilous business trip. This, her only adventure, always includes a "shopping spree," with the most important "purchase" the same: a new baby.

Into this idyllic life, idyllic in spite of the hardships of which only the reader and none of the Tousignants seems to be aware, comes a dramatic awakening. There is no school for the children. Until one day Hippolyte says: "... I've been thinking; we could write the government." What happens when Luzina writes the government is thoroughly delightful reading.

But most important of all is Luzina, an unforgettable character because "she disposed people to become aware that they had reasons for being happy."

It is such a rare pleasure to read a book about the pure in heart that whatever artistic flaws the book might have are insignificant.

Another unforgettable character must be mentioned, the Capuchin, Father Joseph-Marie. "... Even in the con-

"The story of a hunt for a traitor
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but in understanding and mercy.
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—CATHOLIC BOOK CLUB NEWS

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fessional it was not the bad side of human nature that struck him . . . what he contemplated was the inexhaustible sum of goodness on earth."

Long after the book has been closed, thoughts like these linger and simmer in the reader's mind.

FORTUNATA GALIRI.

THE UTMOST ISLAND

By Henry Myers.
Crown Publishers.

216 pages.
\$3.00

The novel is concerned with the days of Leif Ericsson who sailed from Iceland somewhere around the year 977 and reached a new world. The enchantment and wonder of being a boy six years old during those days at the end of the Stone Age is all here. It was a time when fathers told sons that a mountain might really be a giant, but Mr. Myers wryly observes that "the wonders of today are less amazing because there is less amazement."

Mr. Myers's Leif sails from Iceland after his wife, Helga, has turned toward the Christian missionary named Theobrand and listened to his chronicles rather than follow the pagan gods. There is a "Turker" on the ship, a captured Hungarian with Christian sympathies. The voyage is memorable and Mr. Myers undoubtedly loves the old sagas—indeed seems to enjoy reworking them to his own tastes.

It seemed to this reviewer that Mr. Myers was trying to write a book which might be compared with Evelyn Waugh's *Helena*, at least insofar as both books have tremendous lessons for our times. At the time of Ericsson, the world was on the brink of tremendous change, just as it was in Helena's time and just as it is today. Both authors seem to be clothing in prose the eternal drama of man. Mr. Myers does a creditable job. He has written such an entertaining story that the Book-of-the-Month Club has selected *The Utmost Island* for distribution.

THOMAS FRANCIS RITT.

CLEAR THE DECKS!

By Daniel V. Gallery.
William Morrow & Co.

242 pages.
\$3.50

Paradoxically splicing reverence and profanity, "old salt" Gallery spins his yarn with the artful ease of the sailor. In this case, however, it's an officer talking and the old story has a new twist.

Gallery's starchless narrative traces his own experiences



Adm. Gallery



Advice to the Lovelorn

► A young man walked thoughtfully into the village post office. "Any letters for me today?" he asked the postmistress.

"No, John," she replied.

"That's strange," he murmured, half to himself.

"Nothing strange about it, young man," replied the postmistress. "You haven't answered her last letter yet."

—Catholic Fireside

from sub hunting days in Iceland on through to his command of the baby flattop, "Guadalcanal." Except for a brief period when he was landlocked at a desk in Washington, Gallery, an aviator for a quarter of a century, was in the thick of the battle.

The account of the capture of the U-boat *U-505* climaxes the story. For the first time in nearly a century and a half, an enemy man of war was boarded and towed to port. Our Naval Intelligence benefited immeasurably from the captured code books, charts, publications, and general orders. The feat was kept in the top-secret category throughout the war.

Clear the Decks demonstrates that Gallery is a man whose respect for the dignity of his subordinates is not lessened by the epaulets of command. He shares the airman's disdain for pompous officialdom and the realist's disgust for imprudent economists.

Admiral Gallery's opus may not find a place on the shelf next to Caesar's *Commentaries* or Churchill's *Memoirs*, but for an informal view of the fighting navy and the men who make up its backbone, *Clear the Decks* is tops.

FRANCIS X. GALLAGHER.

BEHIND THE MASQUE

By Urban Nagle, O. P. 309 pages.
Declan X. McMullen Co. \$3.50

A successful production of *Barter*, one of Father Nagle's plays, inspired the founding of a Catholic drama organization, Blackfriars. That was in 1932. Since then, this organization has established chapters in different sections of the country. Part of the fascination of this book is the account of the struggle to organize good drama groups. Father

Nagle tells about all the obstacles in a light, facile way.

But Father Nagle is a producer, and as a producer he is on "the fringe of Broadway." But only on the fringe. He writes: "The gap between Broadway thinking and Blackfriars thinking is vaster than meets the eye. Many of our own, knowing nothing else, insist on judging us according to Broadway standards, which will never serve as our guides as long as we retain our basic sanity."

Father Nagle writes with ease, directly, and he can arouse the interest even of those who just like to "go and look." He has important things to say; he makes some nice observations. He is the man, the producer-playwright, behind the masque: "The producer-playwright grows or finds or buys a masque in twenty years. It's that simple. He lives in a world of masques and finally he is looking out through slits in *papier maché*. The chuckles and tears are kept inside, because the little ones might be hurt by one or the other. And so, whether he be a tough old commercial producer or a priest who stumbled onto Broadway by a series of accidents, it's your guess whether the mood is comedy or tragedy. He won't tell you, because he's never sure."

JOHN FANDEL.

THE MAN WHO SOLD CHRISTMAS

By Rosalie Lieberman.
Longmans, Green & Co.

128 pages.
\$2.00

From the size of the crowds and the totals on the sales receipts every December, it doesn't seem that anyone would have to sell Christmas to the general public, yet this was the seemingly impossible task assigned to Brother Angelo. It was after God spoke to Brother Angelo in the kitchen of St. Raphael's Monastery that he approached his superior, Father Martin, to say that he must leave his duties of floor-scrubbing and potato-peeling for awhile to go into New York City and bring the true meaning of Christmas to its hurried and harassed eight million people.

Rosalie Lieberman's first attempt at long fiction is an appealing tale as modern as television in setting but as old as Christmas in its message. The beauty of the story lies in the character of Brother Angelo, whose joyousness and simplicity remind us of that traditional Christmas figure, the juggler of Notre Dame. But his medieval acceptance of God's miracles is not shared by practical Father Dominic and anxious Father Martin. The high pressure tac-



R. Lieberman

tics of the former and the delaying tactics of the latter are the despair of Brother Angelo until the kindly, mystery-writing Archbishop comes to champion his cause.

Miss Lieberman's novelette is written in the same guileless style of her short stories, treating of God and man in an uncomplicated fashion. With its emphasis on the holiness of Christmas, the book promises to be a welcomed addition to Christmas lore, despite occasional implausible situations and weak delineation of minor characters.

LOUISE BRAXTOR.

SHORT NOTICES

OVER A BAMBOO FENCE. By Margery Finn Brown. 239 pages. William Morrow Co. \$3.50. In the Introduction Mrs. Brown says, "If the reader is looking for a scholarly, comprehensive study of Occupied Japan, this is not the place to get it." Actually her book is something more than that, for it introduces the reader to living, breathing Japanese people. Mrs. Brown deals with individuals rather than statistics and, in describing the friends she made, she unwittingly discloses the charm of her own personality. The wife of an Army officer, she joined her husband in Japan in 1916 with their four daughters, when the youngest little girl was two years old, and lived there for twenty-one months.

She liked many of the Japanese, she liked much about the country, but she did not like everything she saw. She offers no solution to the problems of Occupied Japan, but she gives a vivid, outspoken, and compassionate picture of what she encountered there.

THE ROMAN MISSAL. Introduction by Adrian Fortescue, D.D., 1547 pages. The Macmillan Co. \$3.75 to \$10.00. This new translation of the Roman Missal contains all the Sunday, festive, and votive Masses, together with the new Mass of the Assumption. A supplement features Masses not celebrated in the Universal Church but popular in certain of the English-speaking countries. In this section also are Masses for the greater feasts of the principal religious orders. A Liturgical Calendar, a Table of Movable Feasts carrying through the year 1971, a complete Index of Feast Days, and a Guide for use of the missal are provided. Ceremonial directions are printed in red. Typography and arrangement are simple and elegant.

THE GREATEST BOOK EVER WRITTEN. By Fulton Oursler. 489 pages. Doubleday & Co. \$3.95. This is an admirably written account of the Bible story of the Jewish people up to the time of Christ. A highlight is its character study. Patriarchs, kings, and prophets, who have been hitherto little more than names to us, are shown in magnificent relief as enthralling personalities.

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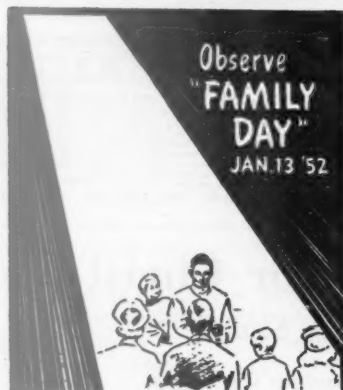
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God's love and divine solicitude for His people, encouraging them, more often warning them in their incredible rejection of Him. And the final note of the book is one of hope, when it records fulfillment of Messianic prophecies in the birth of the Divine Child at Bethlehem.

TOMORROW'S MEMORIES. By Joseph D. Ayd. 247 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$2.50. Teen-agers may find this story of a popular high-school lass who turned her back on beaus, football games, and dances to enter the convent far more convincing than the sermons by priests and nuns on the subject of vocations. But adults, especially those who have had first-hand experience, by which I here mean a vocation in the family, will find it all a bit too facile. Father Ayd, S.J., succeeds in demonstrating one of St. Ignatius' beliefs, that the qualities that make for success in the world are the same as those that make a successful Religious. He has also succeeded in showing how a girl's vocation should be received by her family and friends, but unfortunately is not. His picture is too romantic. Ruth's decision comes too quickly and easily, and his portrayal of her last family dinner as a "merry one" is a little too naive.

DICTIONARY OF DOGMATIC THEOLOGY. By Pietro Parente. 310 pages. Bruce Publishing Co. \$4.50. This dictionary, designed for the educated laity, was first published in Italy. It was received with enthusiasm, and the first edition was soon sold out. It now appears in American dress, translated by an eminent American theologian. We are sure it will receive the same welcome from the English-reading world. Clear and concise, covering all the important dogmas and errors, this book is destined to become a standard work of Catholic reference. To add to its value, a bibliography for English readers has been inserted after each article. It should be in the library of all study clubs, forums; in the homes of the Catholic laity, in seminaries, and in rectories.

THE FACE OF THE HEAVENLY MOTHER. By Josef Cardinal Mindszenty.

146 pages. Philosophical Library. \$3.00. This is a sequel to the great Hungarian Cardinal's first volume entitled: *The Mother*. Starting with the thesis that in honoring Mary we also honor motherhood, the author tells of the creation of woman and the inherent dignity conferred on her by God. Mary is then shown as the Mother of the Saviour, the Mother of humanity and the Church. In content, the book deserves a place on the shelf with other important works on Mariology; in style, it is lucid and clear. Stories old and new are found on each page illustrating each point, and though the Cardinal is instructing, he does so in a very interesting manner. All who want a non-text book approach to the doctrine on Mary will find it in *The Face of the Heavenly Mother*.

PHILOSOPHY OF NATURE. By Jacques Maritain. 198 pages. Philosophical Library. \$3.00. This latest work from the pen of the great Thomist is an amplification of material that was dealt with in previous works. It is by no means mere repetition. His goal is to expound the autonomy of the philosophy of nature, "its specificity as knowledge, its relations with other sciences on one hand, and with metaphysics on the other." A brief history of the early errors in Greek thought are related as an introduction to the thesis; it is followed by a refutation of modern thought. The thesis is expounded with unusual clarity. The importance of a proper understanding of the degrees of abstraction is the foundation of the exposition which not only places the philosophy of nature in proper perspective, but gives each branch of philosophy its proper specificity. The value of the book is enhanced by the inclusion of Professor Ives Simon's paper on *Maritain's Philosophy of the Sciences*.

INCREDIBLE NEW YORK. By Lloyd Morris. 370 pages. Random House. \$5.00. The highly informative subtitle of this book is: High life and low life of the last hundred years. Mr. Morris has written about precisely that. Only items high enough or low enough to be eye-catching are admitted into the story. Entertainment, having an impressive flood and an arrestingly aro-

Lesson No. 1



▶ Little Bobby was playing with his baby sister when the youngster suddenly grabbed hold of his hair and yanked it hard. Bobby howled while his mother tried to placate his anger.

"Patricia is only a baby," she consoled. "She doesn't know it hurts."

A little later, Mother heard loud squallings from the baby's room. She hurried in to find the baby screaming while Bobby stood by with a self-satisfied look on his face.

"What's wrong with the baby?" she cried.

"Nothing," replied Bobby quietly. "Only now she knows."

—Eleanor MacNamara

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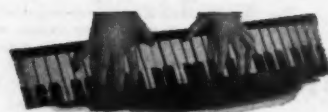
January, 1952

matic ebb level, is there in abundance. So also is politics. The intriguing escapades of the social aristocracy are documented. And who minds that ancient chestnuts are dished up again? Barnum and Diamond Jim Brady, Lillian Russell and Mrs. Astor, Boss Tweed and the debonair Jimmy Walker are of the essence of the city's spirit. The public is always ready for another helping of them. If old New York tugs nostalgically at your heart strings, you will probably figure you are getting five dollars' worth of grand illustrations in this package—to say nothing of the text.

THE BETROTHED. By Alessandro Manzoni. 624 pages. Dutton. \$5.00. Manzoni is not one of those authors who, like Tolstoy and Henry James among others, has been branded as a "must" in the English-speaking world. His quality, consequently, has been unrecognized by that alarmingly large group who rate things not off their own experience but off somebody else's word. They enjoy neither frocks nor fun—to say nothing of books—until some critic has whispered in their ear that approval of them is *the thing*. In Italy, *The Betrothed* is considered one of the really great stories of world literature. In an excellent translation, Archibald Colquhoun makes the classic available to American readers. It deserves library space with the best. It deserves to be read and reread with the best.

MARRIAGE, MORALS AND MEDICAL ETHICS. By Frederick L. Good, M.D. and Rev. Otis F. Kelly, M.D. 202 pages. Kenedy. \$3.50. Few earnest Catholics have not on occasion wished for a book like this. Combining the best medical and theological authority, it covers the question of marriage in all its important medico-moral aspects. The authors have a fine sense of selection, dealing with problems which intrude practically into connubial and pastoral life. Speculation, in the manner of the philosopher's search for complete coverage, is bypassed. Every discussion is sparked by a live situation—either one of the eternal romantic riddles or one of the modern scientific perversions. These live situations—all of them—are handled with clarity and finity.

THE WORLD'S 30 GREATEST WOMEN SPIES. By Kurt Singer. 318 pages. Wilfred Funk. \$3.50. Spying, in these days which herald push-button combat and white-collar warriors, is done mainly by diplomats who get what information they need through the courtesy of the free press and transmit it most undramatically in the privileged secrecy of diplomatic pouches. It is a prosaic business from which all the oomph has departed, like a cold drink that has been left in the sun. Mr. Singer, however, has managed to revive the ancient flavor of espionage in these vignettes of thirty notable female operatives. He goes back to Mata Hari and comes forward to Coplon and Rosen-



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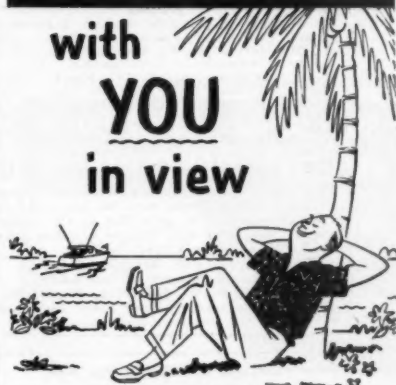


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berg. Good adventure stuff. For the huge public which patronizes terminal book stands.

FLIGHT IN THE WINTER. By Juergen Thorwald. 318 pages. Pantheon Books. \$3.75. Pillage, murder, and rape of helpless civilian populations are the keynote of Juergen Thorwald's graphic account of Russia's conquest of East Prussia.

Scarcely less gripping than the pitiable description of suffering women and children fleeing before the inexorable advance of the Russian armies is the story of disintegration of the German High Command.

The collapse of morale in the Army staff begins with the frustration of able generals in their hopeless efforts to wage a realistic war in the face of impossible directives from a mad Fuehrer who will not admit a defeat which is inevitable. This chaos culminates in Hitler's suicide as Russian troops pour into the capital.

Flight in the Winter is a simple, but powerfully told narrative of a dreadful part of World War II.

THE BRIGHTER VISION. By John V. Ryan. 249 pages. McMullen Books. \$2.75. In recent years, novels about the Catholic priesthood have become regular literary fare. Some have become best sellers, but in general, their widespread popularity is a strong indication that the public—Catholic and non-Catholic—are interested in the priesthood and want to watch it function.

It is in this last respect that Father Ryan has done a particularly good piece of work in *The Brighter Vision*. In the short space of five years, he makes an "oldster" out of the newly ordained Michael O'Brien, thrusting him immediately into the front lines of arduous parish work under an unsympathetic elderly pastor and letting the reader watch the young priest with saintly zeal goad himself on to labors in the school, the religious and social life of the community, until his health breaks under the strain.

As a psychological study, Father Ryan has let his hero meet the challenges not only of friends and enemies but—more formidable than these—his inner self.

GATES OF DANNEMORA. By John L. Bonn. 276 pages. Doubleday & Co. \$3.00. "Siberia," New York State's Clinton Prison, is the main setting of Father Bonn's sympathetic account of the heroic efforts of the Chaplain, Father Ambrose Hyland, to help rehabilitate convicts both during and after their imprisonment.

The scope of Father Hyland's activities and therapy—spiritual, intellectual, material—is impressive, ranging from directing men's progress in mystical theology and various arts and crafts to mastery of trades.

"I know there are many saints in prison. Think of a life of retribution for one mortal sin," maintains Father Hyland, who refuses to let far-sighted constructive planning be defeated or the fires of charity be deadened by seemingly immovable obstacles.

TERESA OF AVILA. By Kate O'Brien. 96 pages. Sheed & Ward. \$2.00. This highly personal account of "the least pretentious, the most approachable, and the most tranquil of Christian mystics" presents Avila's sixteenth-century Teresa as a truly great woman, a woman of genius in her life of suffering, prayer, and struggle for religious reforms; and it shows her "stormy and tormented human life" shining through history as the life of a genius because of her unique gift for expressing in simple language her innermost spiritual experiences.

The interested reader will not only welcome this new approach to the saint's biography but will perhaps be inspired by it to read Teresa's own beautiful writings.

ELIZABETH BAYLEY SETON. By Annabelle M. Melville. 411 pages. Scribner's. \$4.00. This new biography of Mother Seton is timely, coming as it does while her cause for beatification is in progress in Rome.

Mrs. Melville's approach to her subject is objective, her research obviously long and painstaking. The result of her labors is a concise, scholarly work on the Foundress of the Sisters of Charity in the United States. Included is some hitherto unpublished material.

Particularly revealing are the many letters from the prolific pen of Mother Seton, written during her lifetime to her children, members of her family, and close friends.

The book is thoroughly documented and notes are numerous.

SAINT THOMAS AQUINAS. By Father Angelus Walz, O. P., 254 pages. The Newman Press. \$3.50. St. Thomas Aquinas, one of the greatest minds the Catholic Church has ever produced, is known by name, at least, to everyone who has had a course in medieval history. In a very scholarly but somewhat tedious style, the author guides the reader through the life of St. Thomas from his birth near the little town of Aquino, to his first taste of religious life as an oblate in the famous Benedictine Monastery of Montecassino, his subsequent desire to belong to and actual investiture in the rapidly growing Order of Preachers, his years of studying, teaching, preaching, and writing as a follower of St.

Dominic until his death at the age of forty-nine.

This will be an exceedingly useful book to students of Thomistic philosophy. Besides the important material contained in its fourteen chapters, at the end of the book the author has incorporated a thorough bibliography together with an excellent chronological outline of the life and works of St. Thomas.

MOTOLINIA'S HISTORY OF THE INDIANS OF NEW SPAIN. By Rev. Francis Borgia Steck, O.F.M. 358 pages. The Academy of American Franciscan History. \$6.50. Father Toribio de Motolinia wrote his *History of the Indians of New Spain* between the years 1536 and 1541 on the orders of his superiors in the Mexican mission fields. Amazingly enough, however, this work of first-rate historical importance was never translated into English until now when, over four centuries later, another Franciscan assumes this necessary task. It is true that writers on the past of Latin America, such as William H. Prescott, for example, have employed the document in its original Spanish. But the average non-Spanish-speaking American has until today been deprived of what is generally an absorbing and sometimes even a fascinating account of the sixteenth-century Mexican Indian, his relations with the Spaniards, and the great work of his conversion to Catholicism. Father Steck deserves both praise and gratitude for having made this tale available to a wider public.

CINDERELLA OF EUROPE. By Sheila M. O'Callaghan, M.A., 199 pages. Philosophical Library. \$3.75. The Cinderella of Europe, in Miss O'Callaghan's analogy, is Spain, poor, dispossessed, ostracized, and harried by ugly sisters. The ugly sisters are the western democracies. Lacking firsthand information about Spain and dependent on noisy, red and pink-liberal reporting, the West smugly judges Spain by standards which do not apply. It knows nothing of positive qualities in Spanish political and social life which surpass its own. Spain could improve considerably if she were helped and not rebuffed. Real improvement, however, would not necessarily make her into the spit and image of themselves—which seems to be the desirable destiny which the western democracies visualize for her. Miss O'Callaghan writes what might be called a very British prose which, to the American taste, may seem alien and makes rather hard going.

No Secret



► They tell this one on President Truman. Before the story of the atom bomb had been released to the public, the Senate sent a committee (headed by the then Senator Truman) to find out what mysterious operation was being carried on in Tennessee at government expense. They made a tour and asked a lot of questions. Senator Truman noticed a worker operating a very complicated-looking machine.

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—Eleanor McGrath

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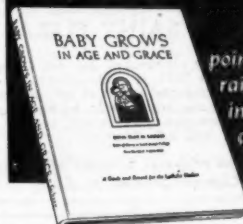
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CAN EUROPE'S LABOR STOP COMMUNISM?

[Continued from page 11]

The Italian pattern is more like the French. There is equal pay for equal work; but it is based on lowest levels. Behind this is the tacit consent of unions and employers' associations that competition must be curbed. No company must be forced out of business, merely because it uses antiquated methods and machines. The employers like the security that this system offers. They need not fear price competition or bankruptcy. And the unions say that it gives them security too. When employers do not fail, workers can have their jobs. So everyone seems contented with the present pattern.

Compare this picture with that in the American automobile industry. Only a few years ago, Walter Reuther made headlines with the demand that General Motors open its books to the union. The U.A.W. wanted wages based on G.M.'s ability to pay. Possibly they were not too serious in this demand. A wage scale based on G.M.'s profits might have been disastrous to some of its large competitors. Even the U.A.W. would not dare risk the unemployment which would follow.

But the example does illustrate the dominant mentality of American unions. Wages are generally uniform for the industry and are based on the profit level of the more profitable firms. The result is terrific pressure upon competitors of these efficient companies. They must modernize or go under. Most of them step up their efficiency. Some of them fail. But American unions take such unemployment in stride.

Our unions feel that efficiency and productivity mean higher living standards. Workers who lose out in occasional bankrupt companies will find jobs, often better jobs, elsewhere. Even if the unions did not feel this way, there is sufficient price competition here to force progress as a pattern in American industry. That is the great difference between our economic system and that of much of Europe.

IN France, for example, the steel plant at Rouen has an incentive to modernize. Profits would increase. But the managing directors are staid and conservative. They do not want to change, even to increase their profits. But the picture would be different if they faced bankruptcy. Suppose that Gaston and his colleagues demanded and got wages based on the profit of the Lille plant. Imagine then that Jacques asked for the same wages at Rouen, threatening a strike if this were denied.

The owners then would face a dilemma. A long strike would ruin them.

The new wage demands would be equally ruinous. The only way of escape would be those radical new ideas suggested by *les Americains*: new equipment, new processes, and higher efficiency.

This example is the key to the new drive by ECA in Europe. It is using American labor officials to convince Gaston, Hans, and Giuseppe that they should risk some unemployment to break the long tradition of the cartels. Here at one stroke the Gordian knot could be cut. Living standards would edge upward and industry would be forced to increase efficiency. Higher wages would dull the Communist appeal to the workers. A more efficient economy could produce both guns and butter. Europe could meet then both the internal and the outside threats to freedom.

The obstacles ahead are appalling. Some employers are willing to experiment with this pattern, but the majority will fight fiercely for the old tradition. German unions should be easiest to convince. They are unified and free from

HAPPINESS

● Happiness is not a station you arrive at, but a manner of traveling.

—Margaret Lee Runbeck

● Happiness holds on to what it happens to have—discontent wants all the rest.

—Quote

Communism at the top levels (some works councils are Communist-controlled). But in France and Italy the largest labor federations are subject to Red control. Naturally they would have no part of this movement. The C.G.T. is losing strength in France, but the Christian unions and the Force Ouvrière face an uphill fight. Likewise in Italy the Communist C.G.I.L. is still formidable, despite the achievements of Pastore and the free unions.

In addition to the Communist power in Europe's labor movements, there is the constant friction between Socialists and labor groups under Christian influence. Moreover, there is labor's preoccupation with political action and government intervention, instead of straight collective bargaining. It is a long and difficult task to convince the free unions that the American pattern of wage determination is better. Even if they are convinced, the struggle against both the employers and the Communist unions will be bitter.

It is no wonder that preoccupied Americans are walking the streets of Paris. They feel that the future of Europe depends on their success.

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FOR INFORMATION ADDRESS
THE REGISTRAR

LETTERS

(Continued from page 2)

make an equally strong case that the *Times* is pro-Catholic. Such a statement would be no nearer the truth than the inference contained in THE SIGN article.

From personal experience I know that as a matter of policy the *Times* strives for objectivity. I know of a number of stories arriving at the *Times* from non-*Times* news sources which were a distortion of the Catholic position and news viewpoint. In each case the *Times* made extensive and detailed checking and was able to print these stories with the corrected facts. The same cannot be said for other newspapers which used the stories without correction.

Naturally I do not agree with everything in the *Times*, and I regret that the intelligence and opinion of some of its writers are open to question. But to condemn a newspaper for a few individuals is neither Christian nor American.

REV. ALBERT J. NEVINS

Maryknoll, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: We did not write a blanket condemnation. We pointed out inconsistencies in various departments.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

If you think your story on the *Times* was startling, give that poisonous propaganda literary "magazine," *The Herald-Tribune* Book Section, the once-over. I don't know "What Has Happened to the New York Times," nor do I know "How Far Can a Newspaper Go"—such as the old *Herald*!!

RICHARD A. BRADLEY

Hoboken, N. J.

"All things . . ."

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I want to say "God bless Father John and Mary Ellen Hill!" I am sure many housewives and mothers found this message inspiring and it probably made us all feel a little ashamed of ourselves. We homemakers hold the most important "position" on earth—I am a firm believer in this. We can create, change, and mold our families (and ourselves) with a word of kindness, patience, and prayer.

MRS. BARBARA D. LEY

Chauncey, Ohio

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I am making the November issue of THE SIGN required reading for those in my three parishes who need the "success story" of the article, "All Things to One Man." In a decade which promises to break records for the birth rate and put Margaret Sanger back with King Tut and poor mistaken Malthus, we need this message couched in terms the housewife can't muddle up.

REV. JOSEPH A. LUTHER

Jones, Oklahoma

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

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MRS. MARGARET M. STARKEY
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"My Adventures . . ."

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

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RITA L. GILLIGAN

Brooklyn 9, N. Y.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Many of the teachers in the Detroit public schools are Catholics and they resent the criticism directed against our schools, knowing, as most readers do, that similar conditions prevail in classrooms everywhere when a substitute arrives who is not adequate to the class situation.

CATHERINE MORGAN

Detroit, Michigan

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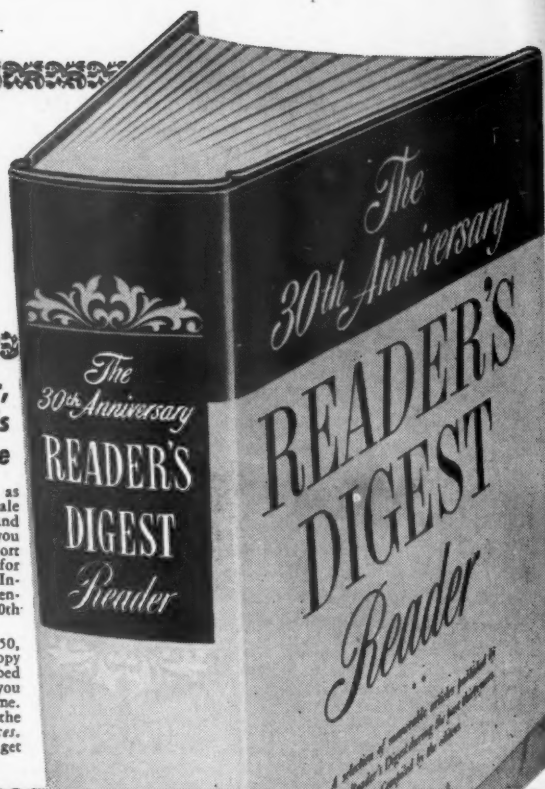
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